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L U M I N E

D E

L U M I N E :

O R

A new *Magicall Light*
discovered, and Commu-
nicated to the
WORLD

By *Eugenius Philalethes.*

G E N. I. 3.

And God said, *Let there be Light.*

J O H N I. Chap : Ver. 5.

And the *Light* shineth in the *Darknesse.*

Pythag.

Nè loquaris Deo absque Lumine.

L O N D O N,

Printed for H. B L U N D E N at the
Castle in *Corne-Hil.* 1651.





To my Deare mother,
the most famous Universitie
of Oxford.

I HAVE observ'd (most
deare Mother) and
that in most
of thy Sons, a Complexion
of Fame, and Ingratuitie.
Learning indeed they
A 3 have,

The Epistle

have, but they forget the
Breasts that gave it. Thy
Good works meet not
with one Samaritan, but
Many hast thou cur'd
of the Leprosie of Igno-
rance. This is the spot,
that soyls our perfections:
we have all drunk of thy
Fountaine, but we sacri-
fice not the Water to the
Well. For my own part,
I can present thee with
nothing that's Voluminous,
but here is a Mustard-
seed,

Dedicatory.

seed, which may grow ^{Mat}
to be the *Greatest amongst* ^{32.}
Herbs. The *Draught* it
self hath nothing of *na-*
ture, but what is under
the *Veile*: I wish indeed
thou mayst see her *sine*
Flammeo, but her *face*
like that of the *Annun-*
tiata expects the *Pencil*
of an *Angell*. I cannot say
this *Composure* deserves
thy *Patronage*, but give
me leave to make it my
Opportunitie, that I may
returne

The Epistle

returne the *Acknowledge-*
ment, where I *receiv'd*
the *Benefit*. I intend not
my *Addresse* for the
Banks of *Isis*; Thou hast
no *Portion* there, unlesse
thy *Stones* require my
Inscription. It is thy *Dis-*
persed *Body* I have
knowne, and *That* only
I *remember*. Take it then
wheresoever *Thou* art,
in thy sad *Removes* and
Visitations. It is neither
Sadducee nor *Pharisee*,
but

Dedictory.

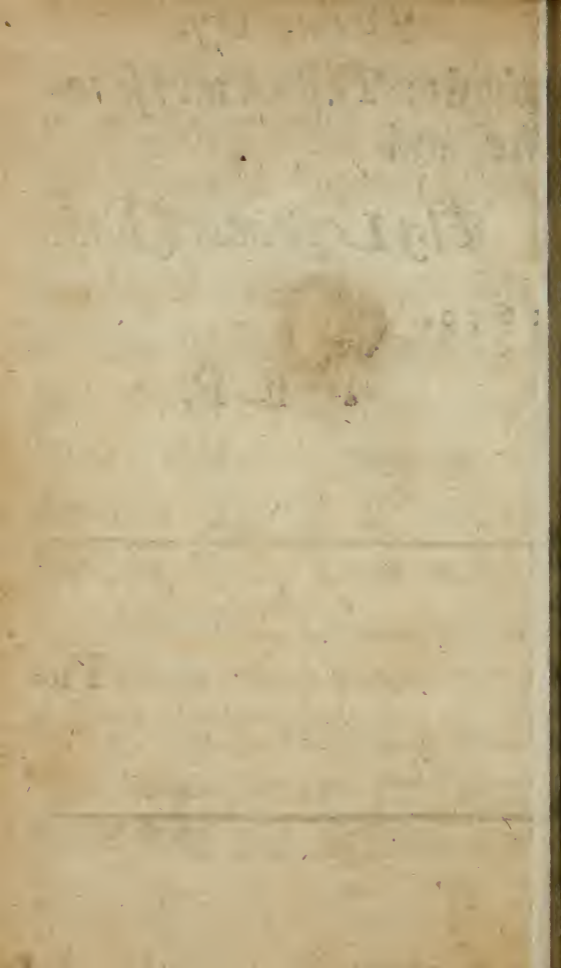
but the *Test* of an *Israe-*
lite, and

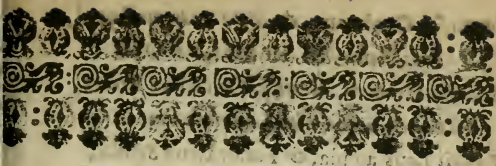
Thy Legitimat Child.

1650.

E. P.

To





In Summum Virum
Thomam Bodlium Equitem
Aurarum, Bibliothecæ Oxoniensis
Structorem
Magnificum.

Sancta Anima! & tam Sancta simul salveto Favilla!
Sicq; semel Cineris fas meminuisse tu!
Structor celi, & Stellarum Plenior Odo,
Qui Sporadas per Te, non finis Astra fore.
Nippe Lare Libris vel rite vagantibus addis,
Et Cælum, quo sint Sydera fixa, cluis.
Vitam ut Patres, largimur Fætibus: at Tu
Quo Vitam hanc possint vivere, Solus habes.
Spirium agnoscunt Artes: Hic Quilibet intrat
Post Obstetrices, nec Peregrina, Manus.
Vena Togæ, Doctiq; capax Panegyris Orbis,
Et Mare, vel Potius Plenior Unda Mari.

Concursus Geniorum, & Meta Extrema Lycei,

Quò nullum nisi sit Sanctius, iret Opus.

Syllabus Heroum, Mentisq̃, Omniscia Proles,

Est hæc & Sensu Theca animata suo.

Bodleii Laus ampla, & Fusior Urna Sepulti,

Quâ Vitam invenit Mors sua, Morsq̃, Necem.

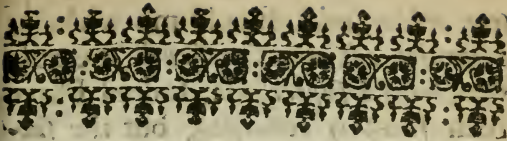
Hinc se fracta Fugæ dedit, absumptisq̃, sagittis

Implevit Vacuas sola pharetra Manus.

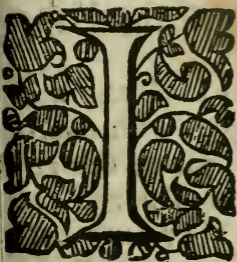
Par Tibi Vox nulla est : Sat agis dum condere Musarum

Fecisti, Quod non noverit Illa loqui.

*Pium est Agnoscere, p
Quos profecisti.*



To the Reader.



Have had some Contest with my self in the *Disposall* of this *Piece*, the *Subject* being *crossed* to the *Genius* of the *Times*, which is both *Corrupt*, and *Splenetic*. It was my *Desire* to keep it *within Doores*, but the *Relation* it bears to my former *Discourses* hath *forc'd* it to the *Presse*. It is the *last Glasse* of my *thoughts*, and their *first Reflex* being not *compleat*, I have added *this* to *perfect* their *Image*, and *Symmetrie*. I must *confesse* I have no *Reason* for it, but what

To the Reader.

my *Adversaries* supply me withall: I would *advance* the *Truth*, because they would *suppresse* it. Indeed I have been *scurvily* rewarded, but the *success* of this *Art* grows from its *Opposition*, and this I believe, our late *Libellers* have *observed*, for they quit the *Science*, to quash the *Professors*.

It is not enough to *abuse* and *misinterpret* our *writings*: with *studied Calumnies* doe they *disparage* our *persons*, whom they *never saw*, and perhaps *never will see*. They *force* us to a *Bitternesse* beyond our own *Dispositions*, and *provoke* men to *sin*, as if they did *drive* the same *Design* with the *Devill*.

For my *own part*, I will no more hazard my *soule* by such *uncivill Disputes*, I know I must give an *Account* for every *idle word*. This *Theme* hath reduc'd my *passions* to a *Diet*, I have resolv'd for the *future* to *suffer*: fo

thi

To the Reader.

this I am sure of, God will condemn no man for his patience.

The World indeed may think the truth overthrown, because shee is attended with her Peace, for in the judgement of most men, where there is no Noyse, there is no Victorie. This I shall look upon as no Disadvantage. The Estimat of such Censors will but lighten the Scales, and I dare suppose them very weak Brains, who conceive the Truth sinks, because it outweighs them.

As for tempestuous Out-cries, when they want their Motives, they discover an irreligious spirit, one that hath more of the Hurry-cano, than of Christ Jesus. God was not in the wind, that rent the Rocks to pieces, nor in the Earth-quake, and Fire at Horeb: He was in *Aura tenui*, in the still, small ^{I K^a} voice. 19.

My Advise is, that no Man should resent the common spleen. Who writes the Truth of God, hath the same Pa-

To the Reader.

tron with the Truth it self, and when the world shall submit to the generall Tribunal, he will find his Advocate, where they shall find their Judge. There is a mutuall Testimonie between God and his Servants, if the Baptist did beare witnessse of Christ, Christ also did as much for the Baptist: He was a burning, and a shining Light.

This, Reader, I thought fit to Preface, that if any Discourse of mine be traduc'd hereafter, thou maist not expect my Vindication. I have referr'd my Quarrell to the God of Nature, it is involv'd in the Concernments of his Truth. I am satisfi'd with the Peace and Test of a good Conscience: I have written nothing but what God hath verified before my Eyes in particular, and is able to justifie before the world in generall. I have known his secret Light, his Candle is my School-master: I testifie those things, which I have seen under his very Beams, in the bright

bright *Circumference* of his *Glory*.

When I did first put my *Thoughts* to paper, God can beare me witnesse, it was not for any *private ends*. I was drawn, and forc'd to it by a *strong Admiration* of the *Mysterie* and *Majestie* of *Nature*. It was my *Design* to glorifie the *Truth*, and in some measure to serve the *Age*, had they been capable of it. But the *barbarous Insults* I have met withall, and without any *Deserts* of mine, have forc'd my *Charitie* to keep at *Home*. Truly, had not I been robb'd of my *Peace*, I had imparted some things, which I am confident this *Generation* will not receive from another *Pen*. But the *Times* in this *Respect* fall not even with *providence*, for the *Years* of *Discoverie* are not yet come. This *Truth*, like the *Dove* in the *Deluge*, must hover in winds and *Tempests*, overlooke the *Surges* and *Billows*, and find no place for the *Sole* of her *Foot*. But the

wise *God* provides for *her* : on all these *waves* and *Waters* she hath a little *Ark* to *returne* to. Me thinks I see *her* in the *window* all *wet*, and *weather-beaten*. She hath been rejected *abroad*, and now I will take her *Home*. Come in with thy *Branch of Olive* !

To conclude, this *Discourse* is my *last*, and the only *Clavis* to my *First*. What I have written formerly, is like the *Arabian's Halicali* : it is *Domus signata*, a *House* shut up, but here I give you the *Key* to the *Lock*. If you *enter*, seale up what you see in your *Hearts* : Trust it not to the *Tongue*, for that's a *Flying Scroul*. Thus I deliver my *Light* to your *Hands*, but what *Returns* you will give me, I know not. If you are for *Peace*, *Peace* be with you : if for *war*, I have been so too, but *Let not him that girds on his Armour*, boast like him, that puts it off. Doe well, and *Farewell*.

L U M E N

D E

L U M I N E.

Now had the Night spent her black stage, and all
Her beauteous, twinckling flames grew sick,
and pale.

Her Scene of shades, and silence fled; and Day
Drest the young East in R:ses: where each Ray
falling on Sables, made the Sun and Night
Kisse in a Checquer of mixt Clouds, and Light.



Think it were more plaine,
and to some Capacities
more pleasing, if I should
expresse my self in this po-
pular, low *Dialect*. It was
about the *Dawning* or
Day-breake, when tyr'd
with a tedious *solitude*, and those *pensive*
Thoughts which attend it, after much *Losse*
and

and more *Labour*, I suddainly fell a *ſlee*; Here then the *Day* was no ſooner borne, but *ſtrangled*; I was reduc'd to a *night* of a more deep *tincture* than that which I had formerly *ſpent*. My *fanſie* placed me in a *Region* of inexpressible *Obscuritie*, and as I thought more than *Naturall*; but without any *Terrors*. I was in a firm even *Temper*, and thought without encouragements, not only *reſolute* but *well-pleas'd*. I moved every way for *Discoveries*, but was ſtill intertain'd with *Darkneſſe* and *ſilence*, and I thought my ſelf tranſlated to the *Land* of *Deſolation*. Being thus troubled to no purpoſe, and wearied with long *Indeavours*, I reſolved to reſt my ſelf and ſeeing I could find nothing, I expected if any thing could find me. I had not long continued in this humor, but I could heare the *whiſpers* of a *ſoft wind*, that *travail'd* toward me, and ſuddainly it was in the *Leaves* of the *Trees*, ſo that I concluded my ſelf to be in ſome *Wood*, or *Wilderneſſe*. With this gentle *Breath* came a moſt *heavenly*, *odorouſ* *Ayre*, much like that of *sweet Briars*, but not ſo *rare* and *full*. This *perfume* being blown over, there ſucceeded a pleaſant *Humming* of *Bees* amongſt *Flowers*, and this did ſomewhat *diſcompoſe* me, for I judg'd it not *ſuitable* with the *Complexion* of the *place*, which was *dark*

and like *Mid-night*. Now was I somewhat troubl'd with these *unexpected Occurrences*, when a new *Appearance* diverted my *Apprehensions*. Not far off on my right hand, I could discover a white weake Light, not so *cleare* as that of a *Candle*, but *mystie*, and much resembling an *Atmosphære*. Towards the *Center* it was of a *purple colour* like the *Elysian Sun-shine*, but in the *Dilatation* of the *Circumference*, *Milkie*: and if we consider the *joynt Tincture* of the parts, it was a painted *Vesper*, a *Figure* of that *Splendor*, which the old *Romans* called (a) *Sal Mortu-*
rum. Whiles I was taken up with this strange *Scene*, there appeared in the middle *purple Colours*, a suddain *Commotion*, and out of their *very Center* did sprout a certaine flowrie *Light*, as it were the *flame* of a *Taper*. Very bright it was, *sparkling*, and *twinkling* like the *Day-star*. The *Beams* of this new *Planet* fluing forth in small *Skeins* and *Rivulets*, look'd like *Threds* of *Silver*, which being reflected against the *Trees*, discover'd a *Curious, green Vmbrage*, and I found my self in a *Grove* of *Bays*. The *Texture* of the *Branches* was so even, the *Leaves* so *thick*, and in that *conspiring order*, it was not a *wood*, but a *Building*. I conceived it indeed to be the *Temple* of *Nature*, where she had joyn'd *Discipline*

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 Notion

to her *Doctrine*. Under this *shade* and *skreen* did lodge a number of *Nightingals*, which I discovered by their *whitish Breasts*. These peeping thorough their *leavie Cabiners*, rejoyced at this strange *Light*, and having first *plum'd* themselves, stirr'd the still *Ayre* with their *Musick*. This I thought was very pretty, for the *silence* of the *Night*, suiting with the *solitude* of the *place*, made me judge it *heavenly*. The *Ground* both neer and far of, presented a *pleasing* kind of *Cocquer*, for this new *star* meeting with some *drops* of *Dew*, made a *Multitude* of bright *Refractions*, as if the *Earth* had been *paved* with *Diamonds*. These rare, and various *Accidents* kept my soul busied, but to interrupt my *Thoughts*, as if it had been *unlawfull* to examine what I had *seen*, another more admirable *Object* interpos'd. I could see between me and the *Light*, a most exquisite, *divine Beauty*. Her *frame* neither *long*, nor *short*, but a meane decent *Seature*. Attir'd she was in *thin loose silks*, but so *green*, that I never saw the like, for the *Colour* was not *Earthly*. In some places it was *fansied* with *white* and *Silver Ribbands*, which look'd like *Lilies* in a *field* of *Grasse*. Her *head* was *overcast* with a *thin floating Tiffanie*, which she *held up* with one of her *hands*, and look'd as it were from *under*

Her *Eys* were quick, fresh, and *Celestiall*, it had something of a *start*, as if she had been *puzzl'd* with a suddaine *Occurrence*. From her *black Veile* did her *Locks* break out, like *Sun-beams* from a *Mist*; they ran shevell'd to her *Brests*, and then return'd to her *Cheeks* in *Curls* and *Rings* of *Gold*. Her *haire* behind her was rowl'd to a curious *lobe*, with a small short *spire* flowr'd with *purple*, and *skie-colour'd* *Knots*. Her *Rings* were pure, intire *Emeralds*, for she valued no *metall*, and her *Pendants* of burning *Caruncles*. To be short, her whole *Habit* was *rich* and *flowrie*, it smelt like the *East*, and was thorowly *ayr'd* with rich *Arabian* *Diapasms*. This and no other, was her *aparancee* at that *Time*: but whiles I admir'd her *perfections*, and prepar'd to make my *Adresses*, shee prevents me with a *voluntarie* *Approach*. Here indeed I expected some *Discourse* from her, but she looking very *seriously* and *silently* in my face, takes me by the hand, and softly *whispers*, *I should follow her*. This I confesse sounded *strange*, but I thought not amisse to obey so *sweet* a *Command*, and especially one that *promised* very much, but was able in my *Opinion* to performe more. The *Light* which I had formerly admir'd, proved now at last to be her *Attendant*, for

for it moved like an *Vsher* before her. The *Service* added much to her *Glorie*, and was my only care to *observe* her, who though she *wandr'd* not, yet verily she *followed* a *known path*. Her *walk* was *green*, being *furr'd* with a fine small *Grasse*, which felt like *plush* for it was very *soft*; and pur'd all the way with *Dayies* and *Primrose*. When we came out of our *Arboret* and *Court of Bayes*, could perceive a strange *Clearnesse* in the *Ay*, not like that of *Day*, neither can I affirm it was *night*. The *stars* indeed *perched* over us and stood *glimmering*, as it were on the *Tops* of high *Hills*, for we were in a most deep *Bottom*, and the *Earth* overlook'd us so that I conceived we were *near* the *Center*. We had not walk'd very far, when discovered cerraine thick, *white Clouds*, for such they seem'd to me, which fill'd all that part of the *Valley*, that was before us. This indeed was an *Error* of mine, but it continued not long, for coming neerer, I found them to be *firm solid Rocks*, but *shining* and *sparkling* like *Diamonds*. This rare and goodly *sight* did not a little *incourage* me, and great desire I had to heare my *Mistris* speake (for so I judg'd her now) that if possible, I might receive some *Information*. How to bring this about, I did not well know, for

e seem'd *averse* from *Discourse*; but ha-
 ng resolv'd with my self to *disturb* her, I
 d her if she would favour me with her
name. To this she replied very familiarly,
 if she had kown me long before. *Euge-*
us (said she) *I have many Names, but my*
st and dearest is Thalia: for *I am alwaies*
green, and I shall never wither. Thou doest
 e behold the mountains of the *Moone*, and
 will shew thee the *Originall* of *Nilus*, for she
 ings from these *Invisible Rocks*. Looke up
 d peruse the very *Tops* of these pillars and
 ists of *Salt*, for they are the true, *Philoso-*
 call, *Lunar Mountains*. Didst thou ever
 such a *Miraculous, incredible thing*? This
 ech made me quickly look up to those
 ttering *Turrets* of *Salt*, where I could see
 stupendous *Cataract*, or *Waterfall*. The
 eame was more large than any *River* in her
 l *Chanell*, but notwithstanding the *Height*,
 d *Violence* of its *Fall*, it descended with-
 e any *Noyse*. The *Waters* were dash'd,
 d their *Current* distracted by those *Saltish*
 ecks, but for all this they came down with
 ead *silence*, like the still, soft *Ayr*. Some of
 s *Liquor* (for it ran by me) I took up, to
 what strange *wollen substance* it was, that
 thus *steale* down like *Snow*. When I had
 d my hands it was no *Common water*, but a
 certain

certaine kind of Oile of a Waterie Complexion. A viscous, fat, mineral nature it was bright like Pearls, and transparent like Crystal. When I had viewd and search'd it well it appear'd somewhat spermatic, and in verity Truth it was obscene to the sight, but much more to the Touch. Hereupon Thalia told me, it was the first Matter, and the very Naturall, true Sperm of the great World. It (said she) invisible, and therefore few are that find it; but many believe it is not to be found. They believe indeed that the world is a dead Figure, like a Body which hath been sometimes made, and fashion'd by that spirit which dwelt in it, but retaines that very shape and fashion, for some short time, after that the Spirit hath forsaken it. They should rather consider, that every Frame when the Soule hath left it, doth discompose, and can no longer retaine its former figure, for the Agent that held and kept the parts together is gone. Most excellent then is that speech which I heard sometimes from one of my own Pupils. *Mundus hic ex tam diversis contrariisque partibus in unam formam minime convenisset, nisi unus esset, qui tam diversa conjungeret; Conjuncta vero Naturarum ipsa Diversitas invicem discors, dissociaret, atque divelleret; nisi unus esset, qui*

mod nexuit, contineret. Non tam vero cer-
as naturæ ordo procederet, nec tam dispositos
oribus Locis, temporibus, efficientiâ, Qualita-
bus explicaret, nisi unus esset, qui has Mu-
ltimum varietates manens ipse disponderet.
Loc quicquid est, quo Condita manent, atque
gubernantur, usitato cunctis Vocabulo Deum
mino. This world (saith he) of such divers
and contrarie parts had never been made one
thing, Had not there been one, who did joyn
gether such contrary things. But being joyn'd
together, the very Diversitie of the Natures
would, fighting one with another, had Dis-
pos'd and separated them, unlesse there
had been one to hold and keep those parts to-
gether, which he at first did joyn. Verily the
order of Nature could not proceed with such
certaintie, neither could she move so regu-
larly in severall places, times, effects and
qualities, unlesse there were some one, who
dispos'd, and order'd these Varieties of Mo-
vements. This, whatsoever it is, by which the
world is preserved and govern'd, I call by
that usuall name, God. Thou must therefore
understand (said she) understand, that all
compositions are made by an active, intelli-
gent life; for what was done in the Con-
struction of the great world in generall, the
same is perform'd in the Generation of every
C
creature

creature, and its sperm in particular. I suppose thou doest know, that water cannot be contained but in some Vessell. The natural Vessell which God hath appointed for it, is Earth. In Earth water may be thickned and brought to a figure, but of it self, and without Earth, it hath an indefinit flux, and is subject to no certaine figure whatsoever. Ayre also is a fleeting indeterminat substance but water is his Vessell: for water being figured by means of Earth, the Ayre also is thickned, and figur'd in the Water. To ascend higher, the Ayre coagulats the liquid fire, and fire incorporated involves and confines the thin Light. These are the Means by which God writes, and compounds the Elements into a Sperm, for the Earth alters the Complexion of the water, and makes it viscid and slimie. Such a water must they look, who would produce any Magicall extraordinary Effects; for this Spermatic water coagulates with the least heat, so that nature concocts and hardens it into metals. Thou seest the whites of Eggs will thicken as soon as they feel the fire, for their moysture is temper'd with a pure subtill Earth, and this subtill, animated Earth, is that which binds their water. Take water then my Eugenius, from the Mountains of the Moon, which is water

and no water: Boyl it in the *fire of Nature*,
 on a two fold Earth, *white* and *red* then feed
 these Earths with *Ayr of Fire*, and *Fire of*
Ayr, and thou hast the two *Magicall Lu-*
minaries. But because thou hast been a ser-
 vant of mine for a long time, and that thy
 patience hath manifested the Truth of thy
 love, I will bring thee to my *Schoole*, and
 here will I shew thee, what the world is not
 capable of. This was no sooner spoken, but
 he past by those *Diamond-like, rockie salts*,
 and brought me to a *Rock of Adamant* fi-
 gur'd to a just, intire *Cube*: It was the *Bas-*
is to a *fire* *Pyramid*, a *Trigon* of pure *Py-*
re, whose *imprison'd flames* did stretch, and
 strive for *Heaven*. To the *Fore-square* or
frontlet of this *Rock* was annex'd a little
crystal, and in that hung a *Tablet*. It was a
 painted *Hedg.-Hog*, so rowl'd and wrapt
 in his *Bag*, he could not easily be *discom-*
mod'd. Over this stood a *Dog snarling*, and
 heard by him this *Instruction*.

Suaviter aut Pungit.

¶ We went, and having entred the *Rock*,
 the *interior parts* were of a heavenly *Sma-*
gine Colour. Somewhere they shin'd
 like *Leaves* of pure *Gold*, and then appear'd

a third inexpressible *purple tincture*. We had not gone very far, but we came to an Ancient Majestic Altar; On the *Offertorie*, or very top of it, was figur'd the *Trunck* of an old rotten tree, pluck'd up by the *Roots*. Out of this crept a *Snake*, of colour *white* and *Green*, Slow of *Motion* like a *Snayle*, and very *weake*, having but newly felt the *Sun*, that *overlook'd* her. Towards the *Foot*, or *Basis* of this Altar was an *Inscription* in old *Egyptian Hieroglyphics*, which *Thalia* expounded, and this is it.

Diis Beatiss.

In Cælo Subterraneo.

N. L.

τ. α. ν. φ.

FROM this place we moved straight forward, till we came to a *Cave* of *Earth*. It was very *obscure*, and withall *darkish*, giving a *heavy odour* like that of *graves*. Here we stay'd not long, but passing this *Church-*

Church-yard, wee came at last to the Sanctua-
rie, where *Thalia* turning to mee, made this
her short, and last speech.

Eugenius! This is the place, which many
have desired to see, but saw it not. The Pra-
paratives to their Admission here, were want-
ing: They did not love Mee, but Mine.
They coveted indeed the Riches of Nature, but
Nature her self they did both neglect, and cor-
rupt. Som Advantages they had in point of As-
sault, had they but studied their Opportunities.
I was expos'd to their hands, but they knew mee
not. I was subject in som measure to their
violence, but Hee that made mee, would not
offer mee to bee rifl'd. In a word, the Ruine
of these men was built on their Disposition.
In their Addresses to mee, they resembl'd
those pittifull things, which som call Courtiers.
These have their Antics and Raunts, as if
they had been train'd amongst Apes. They
rape (as one hath well exprest it) proporti-
ons Mathematicall: make strange Legs and
Armes, and in that phrase of the same Poet;

Varie their Mouths as 'twere by Magic spell,
To figures ovall, square, and Triangle.

these impudent Sophisters assaulted mee with
vain-glorious Humors. When I look'd into

their hearts, there was no Room for mee; they
 were full of proud Thoughts, and dream'd of a
 certain Riotous Happiness, which must bee
 maintain'd by my Expences, and Treasures. In
 the interim they did not consider that I was
 plain and simple, One that did not love Noise,
 but a privat, Sweet Content. I have Euge-
 nius found thee much of my own Humor.
 I have withall found thy Expectations patient.
 thou canst easily believe, where thou hast Rea-
 son to thy Faith Thou hast all this while ser-
 ved without Wages, now is the time com to re-
 ward Thee. My love, I freely give Thee, and
 with it these tokens, my Key, and Scale. The
one opens, the other shuts, bee sure to use both
with Discretion. As for the Mysteries of this
 my Schoole, thou hast the Libertie to peruse
 them all, there is not any thing here, but I will
 gladly reveale it to thee. I have one Præcept
 I shall commend to thee, and this it is, You
must bee Silent. You shall not in your writings
 exceed my Allowances: Remember that I
 am your Love, and you will not make mee a
 Prostitute. But because I wish you Servicea-
 ble to those of your own Disposition, I here
 give you an Emblematicall Type of my San-
 ctuarie, with a full Priviledge to publish it.
 This is all, and now I am going to that Invisi-
 ble Region, in *Admiratio idis*. Let not that
 Proverb

*Proverb take place with you, Out of Sight,
out of Mind: Remember mee, and bee Happy.*

These were her *Instructions*, which were no sooner delivered, but shee brought mee to a cleare, large *Light*, and here I saw those Things, which I must not speak of. Having thus discovered all the parts of that glorious *Labyrinth*, shee did lead me out again with her *Clew of Sun-beams*, her *Light* that went *Shining* before us. When wee were past the *Rocks of Nilus*, shee shewed mee a *Secret Staire-Case*, by which wee ascended from that deep and flowrie *Vale*, to the *face* of this our *Common Earth*. Here *Thalia* stopt in a mute *Ceremonie*, for I was to bee left all alone. Shee look'd upon mee in silent smiles, mixt with a pretty kind of *Sadness*, for wee were unwilling to part. But her *Hour* of *Translation* was come, and taking (as I thought) our last leave, shee past before my *Eyes*, *ως εστιν Ανωτα*, into the *Aether of Nature*.

Now verily was I much troubled, and somewhat disordered, but composing my self as well as I could, I came to a *Cop* of *Myrtles*, where resting my self on a *Flowrie Bank*, I began to consider those Things which I had seen. This *Solitude*, and *Melancholie studie* continued not long, for it met with a very

gratefull Interruption. I could see *Thalia* as it were at the end of a *Landskip*, somewhat far off, as wee see *stars newly risen*: but in a moment shee was in the *Myrtles*, where seating her self hard by mee, I received from her this Discourse. I would not *Eugenius*, have thee ignorant of the *Unitie*, and *Concentration* of *Sciences*. In the past, and more *Knowing* year of the world, when *Magic* was better, and more generally understood, the *Professors* of this *Art* divided it into three parts, *Elementall*, *Cœlestiall*, and *Spirituall*. The *Elementall* part contained all the *Secrets* of *Physic*, the *Cœlestiall* those of *Astrologie*, and the *Spirituall* those of *Divinitie*. Every one of these by it self was but a *Branch* or *Lim*, but being united all *Three*, they were the *Pandeets* of the *Science*. Now in these thy dayes there is no man can shew thee any reall *Physic*, or *Astrologie*, neither have they any more, than a *Tong-and-Book* *Divinitie*. The reason of it is this; In *Process* of time these three *Sciences* (which work no wonders without a mutuall essentiall *Union*) were by *mis-interpretation* dismembred, and set apart, so that every one of them was held to be a *Facultie* by it self. Now *God* had united these *Three* in one *Naturall Subject*, but man hee separated them, and placed them in no *Subject*, but in his own *Brain*, there they remaine

remained in words and fansie, not in Substantial Elements, and Veritie. In this state the sciences were dead and Ineffectuall: they yielded nothing but Noyse, for they were separated; As if thou should'st dismember a Man, and then expect some one part of him should performe those Actions, which the whole did, when he was alive. Thou doest know by very naturall Experience, that out of one Specificall Root there grow severall different Substances, as Leaves, Flowers, Fruit, and Seed; So out of one Universall Root, namely the Chaos, grow all Specificall Natures, and their Individualls. Now there is no true Science or Knowledge, but what is grounded upon sensible, particular Substances, or upon that sensible Universall Substance, out of which all Particulars are made. As for Universals in the Abstract, there are no such things, they are empty imaginarie Whymzies, for Abstractions are but so many Phantastic Suppositions. Consider now Eugenius, that all Individualls, even Man himself, hath nothing in him Materially, but what he received from the materiall Universall Nature. Consider again, that the same Individualls are Reducible to their first Physicall Universall Matter, and by Consequence this Universall matter hath in it self the Secrets and Mysteries of all Particulars;

for

for whatsoever includes the Subject it self, includes also the Science of that subject. To conclude: In the first Matter, the Divine Wisdome is collected in a Generall Chaodical Center, but in the particulars made of the first Matter it is dispersed, and spread out as it were to a Circumference. It remains then that the Chaos is the Center of all Sciences, to which they may, and ought to be reduc'd, for it is the sensible naturall Mysterium Magnum and under God the Secondary Temple of Wisdome. Search therefore, and examine the parts of this Chaos, by the Rules and Instructions received, when I was with thee in the mineral Region. Dwell not altogether on the practice, for that is not the way to improve it: be sure to adde reason to thy Experience, and to imploy thy mind aswell as thy hands. Labour to know all Causes and their Effects: doe not only study the Receipt, like that broyling frying Company, who call themselves Chimists, but are indeed no Philosophers. This is all which I thinke fit to adde to my former Prescriptions, but that which made me returne, was something else, and now thou shalt receive it. Thou hast heard sometimes I suppose of the Beryllistic part of Magic: have a care to apprehend me, and I will shew thee the Foundation. Thou must know the stars
 † a hard mineral †

an impresse no new Influx in perfect compleat
 Bodies, they only dispose, and in some measure
 stir up that influence, which hath been former-
 ly impressed. It is most certain Eugenius, that
 no Astrobolism takes place without some pre-
 vious Corruption, and Alteration in the Pa-
 tient, for Nature works not but in loose, moyst,
 and discomposed Elements. This Distemper pro-
 ceeds not from the stars, but from the Con-
 trarietie of the Elements amongst themselves:
 whensoever they fall out, and work their own
 Dissolution, then the Celestiall Fire puts in
 to reconcile them againe, and generats some new
 forme, seeing the old one could consist no lon-
 ger. Observe then that the Genuine Time of
 impressions is, when the Principles are Sper-
 matic and callow, but being once coagulated
 into a perfect Body, the Time of Stellification is
 past. Now the Ancient Magi in their
 Books speake of strange Astrologicall Lamps,
 Images, Rings, and Plates, which being us'd
 at certaine Hours, would produce incredible,
 extraordinarie Effects. The common Astro-
 loger, he takes a stone, or some peece of Metall,
 figures it with ridiculous Characters, and then
 exposeth it to the Planets, not in an Alchemisi,
 but as he dreams himself, he knows not how.
 When this is done, all is to no purpose, but
 though they faile in their practice, yet they
 believe

believe they understand the Books of the Magi well enough. Now Eugenius that thou mayst know what to doe, I will teach thee.

Example. Take a ripe graine of Corne, that is hard, and drie, expose it to the Sun-beam in a Glasse, ^{well stop'd} nor any other vessell, and it will be a drie graine for ever. But if thou doe bury it in the Earth, that the nitrous Saltif moysture of that Element may dissolve it, then the Sun will worke upon it, and make it spring and sprout to a new Body. It is just thus with the common Astrologer, he exposeth to the Planets a perfect compacted Body, and by this means thinks to performe the Magician's Gamaea, and marry the Inferior and Superior Worlds. It must be a Body reduc'd into Sperm, that the Heavenly Feminine moysture which receives and retains the Impresse of the Astrall Agent, may be at Liberty, and immediatly expos'd to the Masculine Fire of Nature. This is the ground of the Beryl, but you must remember that nothing can be stelled without the joynt Magnetism of three Heavens; what they are I have told you elsewhere, and I will not trouble you with Repetitions. When she had thus said, she took out of her Bosome, two miraculous Medals, not Metalline, but such as I had never seen, neither did I conceive there was in Nature such

h pure, and glorious Substances. In my
 judgement they were two *Magicall Astro-*
ms, but she call'd them *Saphirics* of the
 and *Moone*. These *Miracles* she com-
 nded to my perusall, excusing her self as
 ng sleepe, otherwise she had expounded
 in for me. I look'd, admir'd, and wea-
 d my self in their Contemplation. Their
mplexion was so heavenly, their *contri-*
nce so mysterious, I did not well know,
 at to make of them. I turn'd aside to see
 he was still a sleep, but she was gone, and
 s did not a little trouble me. I expected
 Returne, till the Day was quite spent, but
 did not appeare. At last fixing my Eys on
 at place, where shee sometimes rested, I
 cover'd certain peeces of *Gold*, which she
 d left behind her, and hard by a paper
 ded like a *Letter*. These I took up, and
 w the *Night* approaching, the *Evening-*
r tinn'd in the *West*, when taking my last
 vey of her *flowrie pillow*, I parted from it
 his *Verse*.

Retty green Bank farewell! and mayst thou weare
 Sun beams, and Rose, and Lilies all the yeare!
 She slept on Thee: but needed not to shed
 Gold, 'twas pay enough to be her Bed.
 Flow'rs are Favorites: for this lov'd Day
 were my Rivals, and with Her did play.

*They found their Heav'n at hand, and in her Eys
 Injoy'd a Copie of their absent skies.
 Their weaker paint did with true Glories trade,
 And mingl'd with her Cheeks, one Polie made.
 And did not her soft skin confine their pride,
 And with a skreen of Silk both Flow'r's divide,
 They had suck'd life from thence, and from her Heat
 Borrow'd a Soul to make themselves compleat.*

*O happy Pillow! Though thou art layd even
 with Dust, sh^t made thee up almost a Heaven.
 Her Breath rain'd Spices, and each Amber ring
 Of her bright locks strew'd Bracelets o'r thy spring.
 That Earth's not poor, did such a Treasure hold,
 But thrice enrich'd, with Amber, Spice, and Gold.*

41 Grapes
 29 Small Stars
 3 Large Stars
 1 Sun
 1 Moon

Scholar

12 Small Griffins
 1 Large Dragon
 1 Blind man
 1 Woman with wings and
 flaming sword }

see also *magia adamica* }
 page 66 }



This is that *Emblematicall Mag-*
call Type, which *Thalia* delivered
 to me in the invisible *Gurana*. The
 first and Superior part of it repre-

sents the *Mountains* of the *Moon*. The *Phi-*
losophers commonly call them the *Moun-*
tains of *India*, on whose *Tops* grows their se-
 cret and famous *Lunaria*. It is an *Her-*
easie to be found, but that men are blind, for
 it discovers it self, and shines after night
 like *Pearle*. The *Earth* of these *Mountains*
 is very *red* and *soft* beyond all *Expressio-*

It is full of *Chrystalline Rocks*, which the
Philosophers call their *Glase*, and their *Stones*.
Birds and *Fish* (say they) bring it to them.
 Of these *Mountains* speaks *Hal* the *Ar-*
bian, a most excellent judicious Author. *Va-*
de fili ad Montes India, & ad Cavernas sua-
& accipe ex eis lapides honoratos qui lique-
unt in Aquâ, quando commiscentur ei. Go
 my son to the *Mountains* of *India*, and to
 their *Quarries* or *Caverns*. and take thence our
precious stones, which dissolve or melt in wa-
 ter, when they are ming'd therewith. Much
 indeed might be spoken concerning the
Mountains, if it were lawfull to publish the
Mysteries, but one thing I shall not forbear
 to tell you. They are very dangerous places
 after *Night*, for they are haunted with *Fire*

and other strange *Apparitions*, occasion'd (as
 is told by the *Magi*) by certaine *Spirits*;
 which dabble lasciviously with the *Sperm* of
 the world, and imprint their *Imaginations* in
 producing many times fantastick, and mon-
 strous *Generations*. The *Access* and *Pilgrimage*
 to this place, with the *Difficulties*
 which attend them, are faithfully, and ma-
 terially described by the *Brothers* of *R. C.*
 Their *Language* indeed is very simple, and
 to most men perhaps contemptible: But
 to *speake finely* was no part of their *Designe*,
 their *Learning* lyes not in the *Phrase*, but
 in the *Sense*, and that is it, which I propose
 for the *Consideration* of the *Reader*.

 D

 A

A Letter from the Brothers of R. C.

Concerning the Invisible, Magicall *MOUNTAINE*,
And the *Treasure* therein
Contained.

UNUSQUISQUE naturâ desyderat esse
Dux; habere Aureos & Argentos
Thesauros. & magnus videri coram
Mundo. Deus autem hæc omnia Creavit
ut Homo iis utatur, Eorumque sit Dominus,
& agnoscat in illis singularem ejus Benignitatem
& Omnipotentiam, Ipsi gratias agat, Eum honoret,
& laudet. Nemo autem vult hæc omnia nisi otiosis diebus,
& nullo labore, & periculo præcunte conquirere
neque ex loco eo consequi, in quo Deus illa
posuerit: etiamque vult ut quærantur
& Quærentibus dabit. Nemo vero vult se
idem sibi in illo loco quærere, & propterea
etiam non inveniuntur. Siquidem à longinquo
tempore Via, & locus ad Hæc incognitus
est, & maximæ parti absconditus. Etiam

vero Locum & Viam difficile & laboriosum fit invenire, locus tamen est investigandus. Cum vero Deus coram suis nihil absconditum velit, ideo in hoc ultimo sæculo antequam Judicium extremum veniat, Dignis hæc omnia sunt revelanda : uti (obscure tamen satis, nè manifesta fiant Indignis) in quodam loco inquit ; Nihil est Absconditum, quod non reveletur. Nos igitur à Spiritu Dei acti, hanc Dei Voluntatem Mundo annunciamus, uti etiam in Diversis linguis à Nobis factum, & publicatum est. Ista verò publicationem aut major pars calumniatur, aut contemnit, aut sine Deo promissa ejus penes nos quærit, existimans nos illos statim Docturos, quo modo Aurum Chemicum sit præparandum, aut illis afferre magnos Thesuros, quibus possint coram mundo pomposè vivere, superbire, Belligerere, Lucra exercere, helluari, potare, incontinenter vivere, & in aliis peccatis vitam commaculare, Quæ tamen omnia contraria sunt voluntati ipsius Dei. Hi exempla capere debebant à *decem virginibus* illis quarum *quinque Stolidæ* à prudentibus *Neum* petebant) esse multum aliam rationem, dum nimirum opus sit, ut quilibet *proprio labore & studio in Deo* id consequatur. Nos tamen illorum sociorum Animos

Mat. 1
26.

„ ex singulari Dei gratiâ & Revelatione, etiam
 „ ex ipsorum scriptis agnoscimus, aures no-
 „ stras obturamus, & quasi nutibus nos obdu-
 „ cimus, ne Ipsorum Boatus, & Ejulatus au-
 „ diamus, qui in vanum *aurum* clamant
 „ Atque hinc fit etiam quod multum *Calum-*
 „ *niarum & Convitiarum* contra nos effun-
 „ dunt, quæ non curamus, sed *Deus* suo tem-
 „ pore *judicabit*.

„ Postquam verò Nos *Vestrum Duorum*
 „ Diligentiam, & sedulitatem, quam in ver-
 „ *Cognitione Dei, & Lektione sacrorum Bi-*
 „ *bliorum* impenditis, jampridem (quamvis
 „ vobis inscientibus) bene scivimus, etiam e-
 „ vestro agnovimus scripto, Nos etiam vo-
 „ præ multis aliis millibus responso aliquo
 „ dignari voluimus, & vobis hoc significar-
 „ ex permissu Dei, & Spiritus Sancti Admo-
 „ nitio.

„ Est *MONS* situs in medio *Terræ*
 „ vel *Centro orbis*, qui est *parvus & magnus*
 „ est *mollis*, etiam supra modum *durus &*
 „ *Saxosus*; est unicuique *propinquus, & lon-*
 „ *ginquus*, sed ex *Consilio Dei Invisibilis*. In
 „ eo sunt *maximi Thesauri absconditi*, que
 „ *Mundus numerare non potest*; Qui mor-
 „ ex *Invidiâ Diaboli* (qui omni tempore *De-*
 „ *Gloriam, & Felicitatem Hominis* impedit
 „ multum *trucibus Animalibus, & aliis A-*

29 *vibus rapacibus* circumdatus est, quæ *viam*
 Homini reddunt *difficilem, & periculosam,*
 & propterea huc usque etiam (quia *Tempus nondum est*) ea via nec dum ab Omni-
 bus quæri potuit, aut inveniri. Nunc vero
 à Dignis (interim proprio cujusque labore)
 Via invenienda est. Ad hunc Montem ite
 Nocte quadam (cum ea sit) longissimâ, &
 obscurissimâ, & præparate vosmetipsos per
 fideles preces. Insistite in viam ubi
 Mons sit inveniendus, Quærite autem ex
 Nemine ubi via sit invenienda, sed sequimi-
 ni fideliter vestrum Ductorem, qui se vo-
 bis sistet, & in itinere vos offendet, vos verò
 illum non agnoscetis. Hic mediâ nocte,
 cum omnia tranquilla & obscura sunt, vos
 ad Montem adducet, sed necesse est ut vos
 præmuniatis animo magno & heroico, ne
 reformidatis ea, quæ vobis occurrent, & re-
 cedatis. Nullo gladio Corporali indigetis,
 nec aliis Armis, sed Deum solummodo in-
 vocate Sincerè, & ex Animo. Postquam vi-
 distis Montem, primum Miraculum quod
 procedet, hoc est. Vehementissimus &
 maximus Ventus, qui Montem commove-
 bit, & Rupes discutiet. Tunc vobis se of-
 ferent Leones & Dracones, & alia Terri-
 bilia Animalia, sed nihil hæc reformidate;
 Estote stabiles, & cavete ne recedatis, Nam

„ vester Conductor qui vos conduxit, non per-
 „ mittet ut aliquid Mali vobis fiat. Verum
 „ Theſaurus nondum eſt detectus, ſed valde
 „ propinquus. Hunc Ventum ſequitur Terræ-
 „ motus, qui abſolvat ea, quæ Ventus reliquit,
 „ & aquabit ea, Cavete tamen nè recedatis,
 „ Poſt Terramotum ſequetur Ignis maximus,
 „ qui omnem Terreſtrem Materiam conſumet,
 „ & Theſaurum deteget, vos vero cum videre
 „ nequitis. Verum poſt hæc omnia, & ferme
 „ circa Tempus Matutinum erit Tranquilli-
 „ tas magna, & amica, & videbitis ſtellam
 „ Matutinam aſcendere, & Auroram aſsur-
 „ gere, & magnum Theſaurum animadver-
 „ tetis: penes quem præcipuum & exactiſſi-
 „ mum eſt ſumma quædam Tinctura, quâ
 „ Mundus (ſi Deo placeret, & tantis donis dig-
 „ nuſſet) poſſet tingi, & in ſummum Au-
 „ rum Coverti.

„ Hac Tincturâ utentes uti vos docuerit
 „ vester Conductor, vos quamvis ſenes, red-
 „ det Juvenes, & in nullo membro anima-
 „ vertetis ullum morbum. Penes hanc Tin-
 „ cturam invenietis etiam Margaritas, quas
 „ nè quidem licet excogitare. Vos vero nihil
 „ capietis pro Autoritate veſtrâ, ſed ſitis con-
 „ tenti cum eo quod vobis Conductor com-
 „ municabit. Deo ſemper gratias agite pro
 „ Hoc, & ſummam curam intendite, nè coram
 „ mundo

mundo superbiatis, sed *Dono* hoc rectè utimini, & in ea impendite, quæ *Mundo* sunt contraria, & ita possidete, quasi non haberetis. Ducite vitam *Temperatam*, & cavete ab omni genere peccati, alioqui hic *vester Conductor* à vobis se divertet, & privabimini hac *fælicitate*. Scitote enim hoc fideliter, Qui *Tincturâ* hac abutitur, & non vivit *exemplariter*, purè, & *Sincerè* coram *Hominibus*, *Beneficium* hoc amittet, & *pauùm* *spei* restabit, quo iterum id *Recipere* possit, &c.

Thus have they described unto us the *Mount of God*, the mysticall *Philosophicall oreb*: which is nothing else but the *highest and purest part of the Earth*. For the superior secret portion of this *Element* is *Holy ground*, and *Aristotle* tels his *Peripatetics*, *ocus quo Excelsior, eo Divinior*. It is the *head-plot of the Eternall Nature*, the *immortal Vessell*, and *Recipient of Heaven*, where *Minerals* and *Vegetables* have their *Roots*, and by which the *Animal Monarchie* is *maintain'd*. This *Philosophicall, Black Sa-* ○
tern mortifies and *coagulates* the *Invisible Mercury of the stars*, and on the contrary *Mercury* kills and *dissolves* the *Saturn*, and out of the *Corruption of Both the Central*

tral and Circumferentiall Suns generat a new
 Body. Hence the Philosophers describing the
 Stone, tell us it is *Lapis niger, vilis, & fatens*
 & dicitur *Origo Mundi, & oritur sicut Ger-*
minantia. As for the Epistle of the Frater
 nitie, I shall for satisfaction of the ordinary
 Reader, put it into English. I know some
 Doctors will think it no Advantage, but then
 they confesse their Ignorance: I can assure
 them, The Subject is no where so clearly
 discovered, and for the first abstruse prepara-
 tion, there is no privat Author hath men-
 tion'd it, but here wee have it intirely, and
 withall most faithfully described. I confesse
 indeed their Instruction wears a Mask, it
 speaks in Tropes, but very plaine and per-
 vious, and the English of it is This.

Every Man naturally desires a Superiority, to have Treasures of Gold and Silver, and to seeme Great in the Eys of the World. God indeed created all things for the use of Man, that he might rule over them, and acknowledge therein the singular Goodnesse and Omnipotencie of God, give him Thanks for his Benefits, honour him and praise him. But there is no man looks after these Things, otherwise than by spending his dayes idely, the

woul

could enjoy them without any previous labour, and Danger, neither doe they look them out of that place, where God hath treasur'd them up, who expects also that man should seek for them there, and to those that seek, will he give them. But there is not any that labours for a possession in that place, and therefore these Treasures are not found: For the way to this place, and the place it self hath been unknown for long time, and it is hidden from the greatest art of the World. But notwithstanding it be difficult, and laborious to find out this way and place, yet the place should be sought after. But it is not the will of God to conceale any thing from those that are his, and therefore in this last Age, before the Finall Judgement comes, all these things shall be manifested to those that are worthy: As hee Himselfe (though obscurely, lest it should be manifested to the unworthy) hath spoken in a certaine place: There is Nothing covered that shall not be revealed, and hidden that shall not be known. We therefore being moved by the spirit of God, doe declare the will of God to the World, which we have also already performed, (a) and published in severall Languages. But most men either revile, or contemne that our Manifesto, or else waving the spirit of God, they expect

a Fam.
Confess
Fratru
R. C.

the

the proposalls thereof from us, supposing we will straightway teach them how to make Gold by Art, or furnish them with ample Treasures, whereby they may live pompously in the face of the World, Swagger, and make Wars, turn Usurers, Gluttons, and Drunkards, live unchastely, and defile their whole life with severall other sins, all which Things are contrary to the Blessed will of God. These Men should have learnt from those Ten Virgins (whereof Five that were foolish demanded Oile for their Lamps, from those Five that were wise) how that the Case is much otherwise. It is expedient, that every man should labour for this Treasure by the Assistance of God, and his own particular Search and Industry. But the perverse Intentions of these Fellows we understand out of their own writings, by the singular Grace and Revelation of God; we doe stop our Ears, and wrap our selves as it were in Clouds, to avoid the Bellowings and Howlings of those men, who in vaine crie out for Gold. And hence indeed it comes to passe that they brand us with infinite Calumnies and Slanders, which notwithstanding we doe not resent, but God in his good Time will judge them for it. But after that we had well known (though unknown to you) and perceived also by your writing, how diligently you are to peruse

the

Holy Scripture, and seek the true know-
 ge of God: we have also above many Thou-
 ds, thought you worthy of some Answer.
 we signifie this much to you by the will of
 d, and the Admonition of the Holy
 ost.

There is a Mountain situated in the Midst
 he Earth, or Center of the world, which is
 o small, and Great. It is soft, also above
 asure Hard and Stonie. It is far off, and
 ic at hand, but by the providence of God,
 isible. In it are hidden most ample Trea-
 es, which the world is not able to value. This
 untain by Envie of the Devill, who alwaies
 oseth the Glory of God, and the Happinesse
 Man, is compassed about with very cruell
 ests and other Ravenous Birds, which make
 way thither both difficult, and dangerous:
 therefore hitherto, because the Time is
 yet come, the way thither could not be sought
 r, nor found out. But now at last the way
 be found by those that are worthy, but not
 ostnding by every man's self-labour, and
 eavours.

To this Mountaine you shall goe in a cer-
 e Night (when it comes) most long, and
 t dark, and see that you prepare your selves
 rayer. Insist upon the way that leads to
 Mountaine, but aske not of any man where
 the

the way lyes: only follow your Guide, who will offer himself to you, and will meet you in that way, but you shall not know him. This Guide will bring you to the Mountain at Midnight, when all things are silent and Dark. It is necessary that you arme your selves with a resolute heroic courage, least you feare those things that will happen, and so fall back. You need no Sword, nor any other Bodily weapons, only call upon God sincerely, and heartily. When you have discovered the Mountaine, the first Miracle that will appeare, is this. A most vehement, and very great wind, that will shatter the Mountaine, and shatter the Rocks to peeces. You shall be incounter'd also by Lions and Dragons, and other Terrible Beasts, but feare not any of these things. Be resolute, and take heed that you returne not, for your Guide who brought you thither, will not suffer any Evil to befall you. As for the Treasure, it is not yet discovered, but it is very neer. After the wind will come an Earthquake, that will overthrow those things, which the wind hath left, and make all Flat. But be sure, that you fall not off. The Earthquake being past, there shall follow a Fire, that will consume the Earthly Rubbish, and discover the Treasure, but as yet you cannot see it. After all these things, and neer the Day-break, there shall be a gre

lm, and you shall see the Day-star arise, and Dawning will appeare, and you shall perceive a great Treasure. The Chiefest thing in and the most perfect, is a certain exalted picture with which the world (if it served, and were worthy of such Gifts) might be red, and turn'd into most pure Gold.

This Tincture being used, as your Guide'll teach you, will make you young when you old, and you shall perceive no Disease in part of your Bodies. By means of this Tincture also, you shall find pearls of that Excellency, which cannot be imagined. But doe not arrogat any thing to your selves because of your present power, but be contented with that which your Guide shall communicat to you. Praise God perpetually for this his Gift, and have a speciall care that you use it not for worldly pride, but imploy it in such workes, which are contrary to the world. Use it right- and injoy it so, as if you had it not. Live a sober life, and beware of all sin, otherwise your Guide will forsake you, and you shall be deprived of this Happinesse. For know this of a truth, whosoever abuseth this Tincture, and does not exemplarly, purely, and devoutly be- lieve in it, he shall lose this Benefit, and scarce hope will there be left, ever to recover it afterwards.

This much we have from these famous and most *Christian Philosophers*: Men questionlesse, that have suffer'd much by their own discreet *silence*, and *Solitude*. Every *Sophist* contemns them, because they *appeare* not to the *World*, and concludes there is no such *Societie*, because hee is not a *member* of it. There is scarce a *Reader* so just, as to confide upon what *Grounds* they *conceale* themselves, and come not to the *Stage*, when every *Fool* cries, *Enter*. No man looks after them but for *worldly Ends*, and truly if the *Art* it self do not promise *Gold*, I am confident it would find but *few followers*. How many are there in the world, that study Nature to *know God*? Certainly they study a *Reccit* for their *purses*, not for their *souls*, nor in any good sense for their *Bodies*. It is fit then they should be left to their *Ignorance*, as to their *Cure*: It may be the *Nullitie* of their *Expectations* will reform them, but as long as they continue in the *Humor*, neither *God* nor *Good men* will assist them.

The Inferior part of this *Type* presents a *Dark Circle*, charg'd with many strange *Chimeras*, and *Aristotle's* *νεμεσις*, that *Metaphysicall Beast* of the *Schoolemen*. It signifies the innumerable conceited *Whimzies*, and airy roving *Imaginations* of *Man*. For, before

attain to the *Truth*, we are *subject* to a
 thousand *Fancies*, *Fictions*, and *Apprehensi-*
ons which wee *falsly* suppose, and many Times
blindly propose for the *Truth* it self. This
fantastic Region is the true Originall *Semi-*
source of all *Sects* and their *Dissentions*. Hence
 wee see the despayring *Sceptic*, the loose *Epicure*,
 the Hypocriticall *Stoic*, and the Atheous *Peri-*
etic. Hence also their severall *Diglati-*
ons about *Nature*: Whether the *first* Matter
 be *Fire*, *Aire*, *Earth*, or *Water*, or a *Frige* of
 Imaginarie *Atoms*, all which are false and
 dangerous *Suppositions*. If wee look on *Religi-*
ons and the *Diversities* thereof; whence pro-
 ceeded the present *Heresies* and *Schismes*, but
 in the Different, erroneous *Apprehensions*
 of *Men*? Indeed whiles wee follow our own
Imaginations, and build on bottomless unsettl'd *Ima-*
ginations, wee must needs *Wander*, and grope
 in the *Dark*, like those that are *Blindfolded*.
 On the Contrarie, if wee lay the *Line* to our
Thoughts, and examine them by *Experience*,
 wee are in the way to be *Infalible*, for wee
 hold of that *Rule*, which *God* hath pro-
 vided for our *Direction*. In vain hath he made
Nature, if wee dwell on our own *Conceptions*,
 and make no use of her *Principles*. It were a
Contradiction by *Necessity*, if our *Thoughts* could not va-
 ry from her *Ways*: but Certainly for us to
 think

think, that we can find the *Truth* by mere *Contemplation* without *Experience*, is as great a *madness*, as if a *Man* should shutt his *Eyes* from the *Sun*, and then believe hee can *travaille* directly from *London* to *Grand Cair* by *fansying* himself in the *right way*, without the *Assistance* of the *Light*. It is true, that no man enters the *Magicall Schoole*, but he wanders first in this *Region of Chimera's* for the *Inquiries* which we make before we attain to *Experimentall Truths*, are most of them *Erroneous*. Howsoever wee should be so *rational*, and *patient* in our *Disquisition* as not *imperiously* to *obtrude* and *force* them upon the *world*, before wee are able to *Verify* them.

I ever approved that regular and solid speech of *Basil Valentine*: *Disce igitur Disputare mi, & inquire primum Fundamentum ipse oculis & manu, quod Natura secum fert absconditum: Sic demum prudenter, & cum iudicio de Rebus differere, & supra inexpugnabilem Petram edificare poteris. Sine hoc autem tem vanus & phantasticus Nugator manebis, cujus Sermones absq, ullâ Experimentiâ supra Arenam solum fundati sunt. Qui autem sermocinationibus suis & Nugis me aliquid docere vult, is me verbis tantum nudis non pateat, sed Experientia factum Documentum*

neul sit prestò oportet, sine quo non teneor
erbis locum dare, fidemquè iis adhibere.
 and in another place, *Nugatorem haud mo-*
(saith he) qui non per Experientiam pro-
am loquitur: Nam ejus Sermones perin-
fundati sunt, ac Caci Judicium de Colo-
us. Questionlesse all this was the *Breath*
 a true *Philosopher*, one that studied not
 : *Names*, but the *Natures* of *Things*. I
 pose it as *Batterie* to the *Schoolemen*, if
 y will needs *muster* their *Sylogisms*, I ex-
 t also they should *confirme* their *Noyse* by
 eir *Experience*.

Within this *Phantastic Circle* stands a
lamp, and it *typifies* the *Light* of *Nature*.
 his is the *secret Candle* of *God*, which hee
 th *tin'd* in the *Elements*, it *burns* and is
 seen, for it *shines* in a *dark place*. Every
naturall Body is a kind of *Black Lanthorne*,
 carries this *Candle* within it, but the *Light*
 pears not, it is *Ecclips'd* with the *Grossnesse*
 the *matter*. The *Effects* of this *Light* are
 parent in *all things*, but the *Light* it self is
 eyed, or else not followed. The *great world* hath
 : *Sun* for his *Life* and *Candle*; according to
 : *Absence* and *presence* of this *Fire*, all things
 the *world flourish* or *wither*. We know by
 experience, and this in our *own Bodies*, that
 long as *life lasts*, there is a *continuall Co-*

Etion, a certain seething or Boyling within u
 This makes us sweat, and expire in perpetua
 Desfluxions at the pores, and if we lay o
 hands to our skin, we can feel our own Hea
 which must needs proceed from an inclose
 Fire, or Light. All Vegetables grow, and
 augment themselves, they put forth the
 fruits and Flowers, which could not bee,
 some Heat did not stir up, and alter the Ma
 ter; we see moreover that in Vegetables, th
 Light is sometimes discovered to the Eye,
 it appears in rotten wood, where the star-fi
 shines after Night. As for Minerals, the
 first matter is coagulated by this fire spir
 and altered from one Complexion to An
 ther. To which may be added this Tru
 for Manifestation: if the Minerall Prin
 ciples be artificially dissolved, that their fir
 and spirit may be at Liberty, even Meta
 themselves may be made Vegetable. Th
 Fire or Light is no where to be found in suc
 abundance and puritie, as in that subject, whic
 the Arabians call Halicali, from Hali sum
 mum, and Calop Bonum: but the Latin
 Authors corruptly write it Sal Alkali. Th
 substance is the Catholick Receptacle of spirit
 it is blessed and impregnated with Light fro
 above, and was therefore styl'd by the Mag
 cidus, Domus signata, plena Luminis & D
 vinitatis.

A new *Magicall Light*, &c. 43

But to proceed in the *Exposition* of our
type; not far from this *Lamp* you may ob-
ve the *Angel* or *Genius* of the place. In
his hand he bears a *sword*, to keep off the
contentious and unworthy: in the other a *Clew*
Thread to lead in the *Humble*, and *Harm-*
Te. Under the *Altar* lyes the *Green Dra-*
ge, or the *Magician's Mercury*, involving
it self a *Treasure* of *Gold* and *Pearl*. This
neither *Dream* nor *Fansie*, but a known,
monstrable, practicall *Truth*. The *Trea-*
se is there to be found, infinitely *Rich* and
all: Indeed we must confesse it is *inchan-*
ed, and that by the very *Art* and *Magic*
of the *Almightie God*. It can neither be *seen*
nor *felt*, but the *Cabinet* that holds it, is every
where under our *Feet*. On this *Treasure* sits a
little Child, with this *Inscription*, *Non nisi*
puris. It tels us, how they should be
purified who desire to be admitted to this
treasure. They must be *Innocent*, and very *Hum-*
ble: not impudent proud *Raunters*, nor Co-
rrupt uncharitable *Misers*. They must be
humble, not *Contentious*: They must love the
truth, and (to speak in a homely *Phrase*)
they must also like *Children* and *Fools* tell the
truth. In a word, they must be as our *Savi-*
our himself hath said, *Like one of these little*

This is the *Summe* of that *Magicall Embleme* which *Thalia* communicated to me in the *Minerall Region*. More I cannot say of it, for I was not trusted with more in Relation to a publick and popular use. I will now proceed to a *Discovery* of some other *Mysterics*, which I received from her, and those such, as are not commonly sought after. The *Basis* of them all, is the visible, tangible *Quintessence*, or the first created *unity*, out of which the *Physicall Tetractys* did spring. I shall speak of them not in a cast artificiall *Discourse* and *Method*, but in their own *Natural Harmonicall Order*, and First of all of the *First Matter*.

The First Matter.

When I seriously consider the *System* or *Fabric* of this world, I find it to be a certaine *Series*, a *Link* of *Chaine*, which is extended *à non Gradum ad non Gradum*, From that which is beneath all *Apprehension*, to that which is above all *Apprehension*. That which is Beneath all *Degree* of *Sense*, is a certaine *Horrible Inexpressible Darknesse*. The *Magicians* call it *Tenebra Activa*, and the *Effect* of it in *Nature* is *Cold*, &c. For *Darknesse* is *vultus Frigoris* the *Complexion*, *Body*, and *Matrix* of *Colours*

Light is the Face, Principle, and Fountaine of Heat. That which is above all Degree of Intelligence, is a certaine Infinite Inaccessible Fire or Light. Dionysius calls it *Caligo Divina*, because it is Invisible, and Incomprehensible. The Jew styles it $\eta\ \nu\ \epsilon\ \iota\ \nu$ Ein, that is Nihil or Nothing: but in a Relative sense, or as the Schoolmen expresse it, *Quo ad nos*. In plaine tearms it is *Deitas nuda sine indumento*. The middle Substances, or Chaine between these Two, is That which we Commonly call Nature. This is the Scala of the great Chaldee, which doth reach à Tartaro ad primum Ignem, from the Subternaturall Darknesse to the supernaturall Fire. These Middle Natures came out of a certaine water, which was the Sperm, or First Matter of the great world, and now we will begin to describe it: *Capiat, qui Capere potest*.

It is in plaine Tearms, $\chi\ \upsilon\ \tau\ \omicron\ \nu\ \epsilon\ \nu\ \upsilon\ \delta\ \alpha\ \rho$: Or rather it is $\eta\ \chi\ \upsilon\ \tau\ \eta$, that is $\gamma\ \alpha\ \iota\ \alpha\ \chi\ \upsilon\ \mu\ \alpha\ \tau\ \alpha\ \delta\ \eta\ \varsigma$, $\epsilon\ \nu\ \tau\ \omicron\ \chi\ \epsilon\ \iota\ \delta\ \eta$ $\epsilon\ \nu\ \tau\ \omicron\ \varsigma$; an exceedingly soft, moyst, fusible, flowing Earth: An Earth of wax, that is capable of all Formes and Impressions. It is $\tau\ \epsilon\ \rho\ \rho\ \alpha\ \mu\ \iota\ \nu\ \omicron\ \varsigma\ \gamma\ \eta\ \gamma\ \epsilon\ \iota\ \epsilon\ \tau\ \omicron\ \varsigma$, *Terra-Filius Aquâ mixtus*, and to speake as the Nature of the Thing requires, $\gamma\ \epsilon\ \alpha\ \mu\ \iota\ \gamma\ \eta\ \varsigma$, $\epsilon\ \nu\ \gamma\ \eta\ \gamma\ \alpha\ \rho\ \mu\ \alpha\ \varsigma$. The learned Arabimist defines it, $\theta\ \epsilon\ \iota\ \omicron\ \nu\ \text{'}\ \text{A}\ \rho\ \gamma\ \upsilon\ \rho\ \iota\ \omicron\ \nu\ \zeta\ \omega\ \tau\ \iota\ \alpha\ \nu\ \omicron\ \nu$, $\text{'}\ \text{I}\ \nu\ \alpha\ \nu\ \tau\ \iota\ \varsigma\ \tau\ \alpha\ \nu\ \theta\ \nu\ \epsilon\ \mu\ \alpha\ \tau\ \omicron\ \nu\ \iota\ \nu\ \tau\ \rho\ \alpha\ \mu\ \alpha$. It is a Divine animated Masse,

of *Complexion* somewhat like *Silver*, the *Union* of *Masculine* and *Feminine* spirits, The *Quintessence* of *Four*, the *Ternarie* of *Two*, and the *Tetract* of *One*. These are his *Generations* *Physicall*, and *Metaphysicall*. The *Thing* it self is a *world* without *Forme*, neither *meer* power, nor *perfect* *Action*: but a *weak* *virgin* *Substance*, a certain *soft* *prolific* *Venus*, the very *Love* and *Seed*, the *Mixture* and *Moysture* of *Heaven* and *Earth*. This *Moysture* is the *Mother* of all *Things* in the *world*, and the *Masculine* *Sulphureous* *Fire* of the *Earth* is their *Father*. Now the *Jews*, who without *Controversie* were the *wisest* of *Nations*, when they discourse of the *Generation* of *Metals*, tell us it is performed in this manner The *Mercuri*, or *Mineral liquor* (say they) is altogether *cold* and *passive*, and it lyes in certain *earthy* *Subterraneous* *Caverns*: But when the *Sun* ascends in the *East*, his *Beams* and *Heat* falling on this *Hemisphere*, stir up and fortifie the *inward* *Heat* of the *Earth*. Thus we see in *winter* weather that the *outward* *Heat* of the *Sun* excites the *inward* *naturall* *Warmth* of our *Bodies*, and cheerisbeth the *Bloud* when it is almost *cold* and *frozen*. Now then the *Central* *heat* of the *Earth* being stirr'd and seconded by the *Circumferentiall* *Heat* of the *Sun*, works upon the *Mercury*,

ury, and sublimes it in a thin vapour to the
 Top of it's Cell or Cavern. But towards Night
 when the Sun sets in the West, the Heat of
 the Earth because of the Absence of that
 great Luminarie, grows weak, and the Cold
 revailes, so that the vapours of the Mercur-
 y which were formerly sublim'd, are now
 condens'd, and distill in Drops to the Bottome
 of their Cavern. But the Night being spent,
 the Sun againe comes about to the East, and
 sublimes the Moysture as formerly: This
 sublimation and Condensation continue so
 long till the Mercury takes up the Subtill
 sulphureous parts of the Earth, and is in-
 corporated therewith, so that this sulphur coa-
 gulates the Mercury, and fixeth him at last
 that he will not sublime, but lyes still in a
 ponderous Lump, and is concocted to a perfect
 Metall. Take notice then that our Mercur-
 y cannot be coagulated without our Sulphur,
 or *Draco non moritur sine suo Compare*: it
 is water that dissolves and putrifies Earth, and
 earth that thickens and putrifies Water. You
 must therefore take two principles to produce
 this Third Agent, according to that dark Receipt
 of Hali the Arabian. *Accipe Canem Mas-
 culum Corascenum, & Catellam Armeniae,
 conjunge, & parient tibi Catulum coloris
 caeli.* Take (saith he) the Corascen Dog, and

the *Bitch of Armenia*, put them both together
and they will bring thee a *skie colour'd Whelp*

+ This *skie colour'd whelp* is that Sovereign, ad-
mir'd, and famous *Mercury*, known by the
Name of the *Philosophers Mercury*. Now
for my part I advise thee to take *two living*
Mercuries, plant them in a *purified Mine* (sa-
ral Saturn, wash them and feed them with
water of Salt Vegetable, and thou shalt see
that *speech of the Adeptus* verified: *Pariter*
Mater Florem germinalem, quem ubere su-
viscoso nutriet, & se totam ei in Cibum ve-
tet, fovente Patre. But the *Processe* or *Rece-*
is no part of my *Design*, wherefore I will re-
turn to the *first Matter*, and I say it is no kind
of *water* whatsoever. Reader if it be thy *D*
sire to attain to the *Truth*, rely upon my
words, for I speak the *truth*, and I am not
Deceiver. The *Mother* or *first Matter* of
Metals is a certain *watery Substance*, neither
very water, nor *very Earth*, but a *Third thing*
compounded of *Both*, and retaining the *Com-*
plexion of neither. To this agrees the lea-
ned *Valentine* in his appolite and genuine *De-*
scription of our *Sperm*. *Materia Prima*
(saith he) *est Aquosa Substantia, Sicca re-*
perta, & nulli Materie comparabilis. This
first Matter is a *waterish Substance* found
Drie, or of such a *Complexion* that wets not

the Hand, and *nothing like to any other*
Latter whatsoever. Another excellent, and
 well experienc'd Philosopher defines it thus.
Et Terrena Aqua, & Aquosa Terra in
terre ventre Terra commixta, cum Quà se
commiscet Spiritus, & Celestis Influxus. It
 (saith he) an *Earthy water*, and a *watery*
earth, mingl'd with *Earth* in the *Belly* of the
earth, and the *spirit* and *Influences* of *Hea-*
ven commix themselves therewith. Indeed it
 cannot bee denied but *some Authors* have
 nam'd this *Substance* by the names of all or-
 dinary waters, not to *deceive* the *simple*, but
 to *hide* it from the *Ranting, ill-disposed Crew.*
 On the contrary some have expressly and
 truthfully Informed us it is no *Common wa-*
ter, and especially the reverend *Turba. Ig-*
ari (saith *Agadmon*) *cum audiunt nomen A-*
qua, putant Aquam Nubis esse, quod si libros
nostros intelligerent, scirent esse Aquam per-
manentem, qua absque suo Compari cum quo
acta est unum, permanens esse non possit. The
 ignorant (saith he) when they heare us name
 water, think it is water of the *Clouds*, but if
 they understood our *Books*, they should know
 it to be a *permanent* or *fix'd water*, which
 without its *Sulphur* to which it hath been
 united, cannot be *permanent.* The noble and
 knowing *Sendivogius* tels us the very same
 Thing:

Thing: *Aqua nostra est Aqua Cœlestis non
 madefaciens manus, non vulgi, sed fere plu-
 vialis.* Our water is a heavenly water, which
 wets not the hand, not that of the commo-
 Man, but almost or as it were Pluvial.
 We must therefore consider the severall *Ana-
 logies* and *similitudes* of Things, or we shall
 never be able to understand the Philosophers

+ This *Water* then wets not the *Hand*, which is
 notion enough to perswade us it can be no
 common water. It is a *Mettaline* bitter, *Sal-
 tish liquor.* It hath a true *minerall Complexi-
 on*: *Habet* (saith *Raymund Lullie*) *speciem
 solis & Luna, & in tali Aquâ nobis appa-
 ruit, non in Aquâ Fontis, aut pluvia.* But in
 an other place he describes it more fully, *Est
 Aqua sicca* (saith he) *non aqua Nubis, aut
 phlegmatica, sed aqua Cholericâ, igne Calidior.*
 It is a drie water, not water of the Clouds, or
 phlegmatic water, but a *Choleric* water, more
 hot than *Fire.* It is moreover *Greenish* to the
 sight, and the same *Lullie* tels you so: *habet
 colorem lacertæ Viridis,* it looks saith he, like
 a green lizard. But the most prevalent *Co-
 lour* in it, is a certain inexpressible *Azure*,
 like the *Body of Heaven* in a clear *Day.* It
 looks in Truth like the *Belly of a Snake*, es-
 pecially neer the *Neck*, where the *Scales* have
 a deep *Blew Tincture*, and this is the reason,

+ why

y the Philosophers call'd it their serpent,
 their Dragon. The predominant Element
 it, is a certaine Fierie subtill Earth, and
 in this prevalent part the Best Philosophers
 are denominated the whole Compound. Pa- +
 elsus names it openly but in one place, and
 calls it *Viscum Terra*, The Slime, or *Vis-*
part of the Earth. Raymund Lullie de-
 beth the Crisis, or Constitution of it in
 few words. *Substantialapidis nostri est tota*
quis, & Igne impregnata. The Substance
 our stone (saith he) is altogether fat, or
 oous, and impregnated with fire; In which
 spect he calls it eliewhere not water, but
 th. *Capias Terram nostram* (saith he)
regnatam a Sole, quia lapis est. honoratus,
ertus in Hospitiis desertis, & est intus
usum velut magnum Secretum, & The-
rus incantatus. Take our Earth, which
 impregnated, or with Child by the Sun, for
 our precious stone, which is found in deso-
 Houses, and there is shut up in it a great
 et, and a Treasure enchanted. And againe.
 a certaine place he delivers himself thus.
ma materia Fili, est Terra subtilis sulphu-
, & haec nobilis Terra dictum est Subjectum
mercurial. My son (saith he) the first Mat-
 is a subtil, Sulphureous Earth, and this
 le Earth is call'd the Mercurial subject.
 Know

Know then for certaine that this Slimie mo
 Sperm, or Earth, must be dissolved into wat
 and this is the Water of the Philosophers, n
 any common water whatsoever. This is t
 grand secret of the Art; and Lullie discove
 it, with a great deale of Honesty, and Ch
 ritie. *Argentum vivum nostrum* (saith h
*non est Argentum vivum Vulgare: Imo A
 gentum vivum nostrum est Aqua alteri
 Natura, qua reperiri non potest supra Te
 ram, cum in actionem venire non possit p
 Naturam, absque adjutorio Ingenii, & H
 manarum manuum operationibus.* Our Me
 cury is not common Mercury, or Quick-silver
 but our Mercury is a water, which cann
 be found upon Earth, for it is not made,
 manifested by the ordinary course of Natur
 but by the Art, and manual Operations
 Min. Seek not then for that in nature
 which is an Effect beyond her ordinary pr
 cesse: you must help her, that she may exce
 her common course, or all is to no purpose. In
 word, you must make this water, before you c
 find it. In the interim you must permit the Ph
 losophers to call their subject, or Chaos, a Water
 for there is no proper name for it, unlesse we c
 it a Sperm, which is a watery Substance, b
 certainly no Water. Let it suffice, that you a
 not cheated, for they tell you what it is, an
 wha

at it is not, which is all that *Man* can
 . If I aske you, by what *name* you call the
form of a *Chick*, you will tell me it is the
form of an *EGGE*, and truly so is the *shell* as
 well as the *Sperm* that is *within* it: But if you
 say it *Earth* or *water*, you know well enough
 neither, and yet you cannot find a *third*
name. Judge then as you would be judged,
 this is the very *case* of the *Philosophers*:
 certainly you must be very *unreasonable*, if
 you expect that *language* from *Men*, which
 hath not *given* them. Now that we may
 confirme this our *Theorie* and *Discourse* of
 the *Sperm* not only by *Experience* but by
Reason, it is necessary that we consider the
Qualities and *Temperament* of the *Sperm*. It
 is then a *slimy*, *slippery*, *Diffusive* *Moysture*.
 If we consider any *perfect* *products* they
 are *firme*, *compact*, *figurate* *Bodies*, and
 since it follows they must be *made* of some-
 thing that is *not* *firme*, *not* *compact*, *not* *fi-*
gurate, but a *weak*, *quivering*, *altering* *sub-*
stance. Questionlesse thus it must be, unless
 we make the *Sperm* to be of the *same* *Com-*
position with the *Body*, and then it must fol-
 low that *Generation* is *no* *Alteration*. Again:
 it is evident to all the world, that *nothing* is
passive as *Moysture*. The *least* *heat* turnes
water to a *Vapour*, and the *least* *cold* turnes
 that

that *Vapour* to *Water*. Now let us consider what *Degree* of *Heat* it is, that acts in *Generations*, for by the *Agent* we may guess at the *Nature* of the *patient*. We know the *Sun* is so *remote* from us, that the *Heat* of (as daily *Experience* tells us) is very *faint*, and *remisse*. I desire then to know, what *Subject* is there in *all Nature*, that can be altered with such a *weake Heat*, but *Moysture*. Certainly *none* at all: for all *hard Bodies*, as *Salts*, *Stones*, and *Metals*, preserve, and retain their *Complexions* in the most violent *excessive Fires*. How then can we expect they should be altered by a *gentle*, and almost *insensible Warmth*? It is plaine then, and that by *infallible inference* from the *proportion* and *power* of the *Agent*, that *Moysture* must need be the *patient*: For that *Degree* of *Heat*, which *Nature* makes use of in her *Generations*, is so *remisse* and *weak*, it is *impossible* for it to alter any thing but what is *moyst*, and *waterish*. This truth appears in the *Animal Familie*, where we know well enough the *Sperms* are *moyst*: indeed in *Vegetables* the *Seeds* are *Drie*, but then *Nature* generates nothing out of them, till they are first *macerated*, or *moystned* with *Water*. And here my *Peripatetic*, thou art quite gone, and with thee thy *para potentia*, that *fanatic Chaos* of the

Son of Nichomachus. But I must advise
 Chimists to beware of any Common Moy-
 e, for that will never be altered otherwise
 to a Vapour. See therefore that thy
 sture be well tempered with Earth, other-
 thou hast nothing to dissolve, and nothing
 Coagulat. Remember the practice, and
 ic of the Almighty God in his Creation,
 is manifested to thee by Moses. In prin-
 (saith he) creavit Deus Caelum & Ter-
 : But the Originall if it be truly, and ra-
 ally renderd, speaks thus, *In principio*
es miscuit Rarum, & Densum; In the
 nning God mingl'd or temper'd together
 Thin and the Thick: for Heaven and
 h in this Text (as we have told you in
Anima Magica) signifie the *Virgin*
Mercury, and the *Virgin Sulphur*. This I
 prove out of the text it self, and that
 he vulgar received Translation, which
 thus: *In the Beginning God created the* +
ven, and the Earth: And the Earth was)
out forme and voyd, and there was dark-
upon the face of the abyss, and the spir it
ad moved upon the face of the Waters. In
rst part of this text Moses mentions two
ed principles, not a perfect world as we
 prove hereafter, and this he doth in these
 erall termes, *Heaven and Earth*. In the
 latter

latter part of it he describes each of the principles by it self in more particular terms and he begins with the Earth. And the Earth (saith he) was without forme, and void. Here I infer that the Earth he speaks of was a me Rudiment or principle of this Earth which now see, for this present Earth is neither void, nor without forme. I conclude that the Mosaycall earth was the Virg Sulphur, which is an earth without forme, it hath no determinated Figure. It is a Laxative instable incompoused substance, of a porous empty Crasis like Sponge, or Soote. In a word I have seen it, but it is impossible to describe. After this he proceeds to the Description of his Heaven, or second principle, in these subsequent words: And there was Darknesse upon the face of the abyssc, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. Here he calls that an abyssc and Waters, which was formerly called Heaven. It was indeed the Heavenly Moisture or Water of the Chamber out of which the separated Heaven, or Habitation of the stars was afterwards made. This is clear out of the Originall, for רוח Hamaim and השמים Hashamaim are the same words, like Aqua and Ibi Aqua, as they signifie one and the same substance, namely Water. The text then being render'd

According to the primitive naturall truth, and the undoubted sense of the *Author*, speaks thus. *In the beginning* (or according to the *Jerusalem Thargum*.) *In wisdom God made water and the earth: And the earth was without forme and void, and there was Darkness upon the Face of the Deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the Face of the waters.* Here you should observe that God created two principles, *Earth and Water*, and of these he compounded a third, namely the *Sperm* or *Chaos*. Upon the water, or moyst part of this *Sperm*, the spirit of God did move, and (saith the Scripture) there was *Darknesse upon the face of the Deep*. This is a very great secret, neither is it lawfull to publish it expressly, and as the *Nature* of the thing requires, it in the *Magicall work* it is to be seen, and I have been an eye witness of it my selfe.

To conclude: Remember that our subject is not common water, but a thick, slimie, fat earth. This earth must be dissolved into water, and that water must be coagulated again into earth. This is done by a certaine naturall Agent, which the Philosophers call their *secret fire*: for if you work with common water, it will drie your *Sperm*, and bring it to unprofitable red *Dust*, of the Colour of

wild poppie. Their *fire* then is the *Key* of *Art*, for it is a *Naturall Agent*, but *acts Naturally* without the *Sun*. I must confesse it is a *knottie Myserie*, but we shall make it *plaine*, if you be not very *Dim* and *Dull*. It requires indeed a *quick, clear Apprehension*, and therefore *Readers, Snuffe & Candles*.

The Philosophicall Fire.

Fire, notwithstanding the *Diversities* it in this *Sublunarie Kitchen* of the *elements*, is but *one Thing*, from *one Root*. The *Effects* of it are *various* according to *Distance*, and *Nature* of the *subject* where it *resides*, for that makes it *Vital*, or *Violent*. It *sleeps* in most *things* as in *Flints*, where it is *silent* and *Invisible*. It is a *kind* of *perambulation* close like a *Spider* in the *Cabinet* of *Web*, to *surprise* all that comes within *lines*. He never appears without his *pretext*, where he finds *ought* that's *Concomitant* there he *discovers* himself, for if we *speak* properly, he is not *generated*, but *manifested*. Some *Men* are of *Opinion* that *fire* *breeds nothing*, but *devoures all things*, and therefore call'd *Ignis quasi Ingignens*: which is a *Grammaticall Whim*, for there is not

in the world generated without *Fire*. What a fine Philosopher then was *Aristotle*, who tels us this *Agent* breeds nothing but his *Pyramita*, a certain *Fly* which he found in his *Candle*, but could never be seen afterwards? Indeed too much *Heat* burns and destroys, and if we descend to other *Natures*, too much *water* drowns, too much *earth* buries and choaks the seed that it cannot come up: And verily at this *Rate* there is nothing in the world that generats. What an *Owle* was he then, that could not distinguish with all his *Logic* between *Excesse* and *Measure*, between *Violent* and *Vital Degrees* of *Heat*, but concluded the *Fire* did *Breed* nothing, because it consumed something? But let the *Mule* passe, for so *Plato* call'd him, and let us prosecute our secret *fire*. This *fire* is at the *Root*, and about the *Root* (I mean about the *Center*) of all things both *Visible*, and *Invisible*. It is in *water*, *earth*, and *ayr*; It is in *Minerals*, *Herbs*, and *Beasts*; It is in *Men*, *Stars*, and *Angels*; but *Originally* it is in *God* himself, for he is the *Fountain* of *Heat* and *fire*, and from *Him* it is derived to the rest of the *Creatures* in a certaine *streame*, or *Sun-shine*. Now the *Magicians* affoord us but two *Nations*, whereby we may know their *fire*: it is as they describe it, *Moyst* and *Invisible*.

Hence have they call'd it *Venter Equi*, and *Finus Equinus*: but this only by way of *Analogie*, for there is in *Horse-dung* a moyst *Heat*, but no *fire* that is *visible*. Now let us compare the common *Vulcan* with this Philosophicall *Vesta*, that we may see wherein they are *different*. First of all the *Philosopher's fire* is *moyst*, and truly is that of the *Kitchen* too. We see that flames *contract* and *extend* themselves, now they are *short*, now they are *long*, which cannot be without *moysture* to *maintaine* the *flux*, and *Continuitie* of their *parts*. I know *Aristotle* makes the *fire* to be simply *dry*, perhaps because the *effects* of it are so; he did not indeed consider that in all *Complexions* there are *other Qualities* besides the *predominant* one. Sure then this *drie stuffe* is that *element* of *his*, wherein he found his *Pyrausta*; but if *naturall fire* were simply *drie*, the *flames* it could not *flow*, and *diffuse* themselves they doe. they would rather fall to *Dust*, turne like their *fuell* to *ashes*. But that I may returne to my former *Discourse*, I say the *Common fire* is *excessively hot*, but *moyst* in far *inferior degree*, and therefore *destructive* for it *preves* on the *moysture* of other things. On the contrary the *warmth* and *moysture* the *Magicall Agent* are *equall*, the *other* temperate

temperates, and satisfies the *other*: it is a
mid tepid fire, or as we commonly expresse
 our selves, *Bloud-warme*. This is their first,
 and greacest *Difference* in Relation to our
 desired effect, we will now consider their se-
 cond. The *Kitchin fire* (as we all know) is
 visible, but the *Philosophers fire* is *Invisible*,
 and therefore no *Kitchin fire*. This *Alma-*
er expresly tells us in these words, *Solos radios*
invisibiles ignis nostri sufficere. Our work
 (with he) can be performed by nothing, but
 the *Invisible Beams* of our fire. And a-
 gaine, *Ignis noster Corrosivus est Ignis, qui*
pra nostrum vas Nubem obducit, in qua
rebe radii hujus ignis occulti sunt. Our Fire
 is a *Corrosive fire*, which brings a cloud about
 our glasse or vessell, in which Cloud the Beams
 of our fire are hidden. To be short, the Phi-
 sophers call this *Agent* their *Bath*, be-
 cause it is moist as *Baths* are: but in very
 truth it is no kind of *Bath*, neither *Maris*,
 or *Roris*, but a most *subtil fire*, and purely
Naturall, but the *Excitation* of it is *Ar-*
ficiall. This *Excitation*, or *preparation* (as
 I have told thee in my *Caelum Terra*) is a ve-
 ry *triviall, slight, ridiculous thing*: never-
 thelesse all the *secrets* of *Corruption* and *Ge-*
neration are therein contained. Lastly, I think
 it just to informe thee, that many *Authors*

have *falsly* described this *fire*, and that of *purpose* to *seduce* their *Readers*. For my own part, I have neither *added*, nor *diminished*, thou hast here the true *intire secret*, and in which all the *Eastern sages* agree: *Alfid, Almadir, Belen, Gieberim, Hali, Salmanazar, and Zadich*: with the *three famous Jews* *Abraham, Arcefius, and Kalid*. If thou dost not by this time apprehend it, thou art past my *Cure*, for I may tell thee no more of it, I may only teach thee how to *use* it.

Take out *two Serpents*, which are to be found every where on the Face of the Earth. They are a *living Male*, and a *living Female*. Tye them *Both* in a *Love-knot*, and shut them up in the *Arabian CARAHA*. This is thy *first labour*, but thy *next* is more *difficult*. Thou must *incamp* against them with the *fire of Nature*, and be sure thou dost bring thy *Line* round about. *Circle* them in, and *stop* all *Avenues*, that they find no *Reliefe*. Continue this *siege* patiently, and they will turne to an ugly *slabbie*, *venemous*, *black Toad*, which will be transform'd to a horrible *devowring Dragon*, creeping and weltring in the *Bottom* of her *Cave* without *wings*. Touch her not by any means, not so much as with thy *Hands* for there is not upon earth such a violent, *transcendent* *poysen*. As
thou

hast begun, so proceed, and this *Dragon* will
 turne to a *Swan*, but more *white* than the
 hovering, *Virgin Snow*, when it is not yet
 sullied with the *Earth*. Henceforth I will
 allow thee to fortifie thy *fire*, till the *Phenix*
 appears. It is a *red Bird* of a most deep Co-
 lour, with a *shining Fiery Hue*. Feed this
Bird with the *Fire* of his *Father*, and the *Æ-*
ther of his *Mother*, for the *first* is *meat*, the
second is *Drink*, and without this *last* he at-
 tains not to his *full Glory*. Be sure to under-
 stand this *secret*, for *fire* feeds not well, un-
 lesse it bee *first fed*. It is of it self *drie* and
Choleric, but a *proper moisture* tempers it,
 gives it a *heavenly Complexion*, and brings it
 to the *Desired Exaltation*. Feed thy *Bird*
 when as I have told thee, and he will move
 in his *Nest*, and rise like a *star* of the *Fir-*
namment. Doe this, and thou hast placed *Na-*
ture in Horizonte Aternitatis: Thou
 hast performed that *Command* of the *Caba-*
list, *Ege finem in Principio, sicut Flammam*
inruna Conjunctam: quia Dominus SU-
PERLATIV E unus, & non tenet se-
undum. Unite the *End* to the *Beginning*,
 like a *Flame* to a *Coale*: for *God* (saith hee)
 is *superlatively one*, and hee hath no *second*.
 Consider then what you seek: you seek an *In-*
lissoluble, miraculous, transmutting, uniting

union, but such a tye cannot be without the first unitie; *Creare enim* (saith one) *atque intrinsecus transmutare absque violentiâ, Munus est proprium duntaxat Primæ Potentiæ, Primæ sapientiæ, Primi amoris.* To Create, and Transmute essentially, and naturally or without any violence, is the only proper office of the first power, the first Wisdom, and the first love. Without this love the Elements will never be married, they will never inwardly and essentially unite, which is the end and perfection of Magic. Study then to understand this, and when thou hast perform'd, I will allow thee that Test of the *Mek kubalim: Intellexisti in sapientiâ, & sapuisti in Intelligentiâ, statuisti Rem super Puritates suas, & Creatorem in Throno suo collocasti.*

For a Close to this Section, I say it is impossible to generat in the patient, without a vitall generating Agent. This Agent is the Philosophical fire, a certain moyst, heavenly, invisible Heat; but let us heare Raymund Lullie describe it, *Quando dicimus* (saith hee) *quod lapis per ignem generatur, non vident alium ignem, nec alium ignem credunt, nisi ignem communem: nec aliud Sulphur, nec aliud argentum vivum, nisi sit vulgare. Ideo manent decepti per eorum cæcæ estimationes, inferentes*

ferentes quod causa sumus sue Deceptionis, quod dedimus illis intelligere rem unam pro aliâ. Sed non est verum salvâ eorum pace, ut probabimus per illa, quæ Philosophi poterunt in scriptis. Solem enim appellamus matrem, & vicarium suum vocamus Calorem naturalem. Nam illud quod agit Calor Solis in Mineris Metallorum per mille annos, esse Calor naturalis facit in unâ horâ supra terram. Nos vero, & multi alii, vocamus eum Filium solis, nam primo per solis influentiam fuit generatus per naturam, sine adjutorio Scientiæ, vel artis. When wee say the Stone is generated by fire, Men neither see, neither doe they believe there is any other fire, but the common fire: nor any other Sulphur or Mercury, but the common Sulphur and Mercury. Thus are they deceived by their own opinions, saying that we are the Cause of their Error, having made them to mistake one thing for another. But by their leave it is not so, as we shall prove by the Doctrine of the Philosophers. For wee call the Sun a fire, and the natural Heat we call his Substitute, or Deputy; for that which the heat of the Sun performes in a thousand years in the Mines, the Heat of Nature performes it above the earth in one houre. But wee, and many other Philosophers have call'd this Heat, the Child of

of the Sun, for at first it was generated naturally by the influence of the Sun, without the Help of our Art or Knowledge. Thus Lullie: But one thing I must tell thee, and be sure, Reader, thou doest remember it. This very naturall Heat must be applied in the just Degree, and not too much fortified, for the Sun it self doth not generat, but burne and scorch where it is too hot. *Si cum igne magno operatus fueris* (saith the same Lullie) *proprietas nostri spiritus, quæ inter vitam & mortem participiat, separabit se, & Anima recedet in Regionem spheræ suæ.* If thou shalt work with too strong a fire, the proprietie of our spirit, which is indifferent as yet to life or death, will separate it self from the Body, and the Soule will depart to the Region of her own sphere: Take therefore along with thee this short, but wholesome advise of the same Author. *Facias ergo Fili, quod in loco Generationis aut Conversionis sit talis potentia Cælestis, quæ possit transformare Humidum ex natura terrestris, in formam & speciem transparentem, & finissimam.* My Son (saith hee) let the Heavenly power, or Agent be such in the place of Generation or Mutation, that it may alter the spermatic Humiditie from its Earthly Complexion, to a most fine transparent forme, or species. See here

re now the *solution* of the *slimie, fat Earth,*
a transparent glorious Mercury! This
Mercury Gentlemen, is the *water* which we
 look after, but not any *common water* what-
 ever. There is nothing now behind but that
 which the *Philosophers* call *secretum Artis*:
thing that was never published, and without
 which you will never performe, though you
 know both *Fire* and *Matter*. An Instance
 thereof we have in *Flammel*, who knew the
Matter well enough and had both *fire* and
urnace painted to him by *Abraham* the
ew: but notwithstanding he err'd for three
years, because hee knew not the *third secret*.
Henry Madathan a most noble *Philosopher*
 practis'd upon the *subject* for five years to-
 gether, but knew not the *right method*, and
 therefore found *nothing*; at last saith hee,
Post sextum annum Clavis Potentia per ar-
anam Revelationem ab omnipotente Deo mihi
oncredita est: After the sixth year, I was in-
 trusted with the *Key of power* by secret Reve-
 lation, from the *Almighty God*: This *Key of*
power, or third secret was never put to paper
 by any *Philosopher* whatsoever. *Paracelsus*
 indeed hath touch'd upon it, but so *obscurely*
 it is no more to the *purpose* then if he had said
nothing. And now I suppose I have done e-
 nough for the *Discovery*, and Regiment of
 the

the fire; if you think it too little, I must tell you it is much more then any one Author hath performed. Search it then, for he that finds this fire, will attaine to the true temperament, he will make a noble deserving Philosopher, and to speake in the phrase of our Spaniard, *Dignus erit poni ad Mensam Duodecim parium.*

☺ The River of Pearl. Key

IT is a Decomposed Substance, extreme heavy and moyst, but wets not the Hand. It shines after Night like a star, and will enlighten any Darke roome. It is full of small eyes sparkling like Pearls or Aglets. It is the whole Demogorgon, but now actually animated by manifestation of his own Inward Light. The Father of it is a certaine inviolable Masse, for the parts of it are so firmly united, you can neither pound them into Dust, nor separat them by violence of Fire. This is the stone of the Philosophers, *Qui ab omni parte (saith one) circumdatus est Tenebris, Nebulis, Caligine: Habitat in mediis Terra visceribus, Qui ubi natus fuerit, vestitur quodam viridi Pallio, humiditate quadam aspersus, & non prognatus ab aliquo, sed aternus, & parens omnium Rerum.* It is compas-

sed

d about (saith he) with Darknesse, Clouds, and Blacknesse. It dwels in the inmost Bowls of the Earth: but when he is borne, hee is loathed with a certaine *Green Mantle*, and *crinckl'd* over with a certaine *Moysture*. He is not properly generated by any Naturall thing, but he is eternall, and the Father of all things. This Description is very true and apposit, but *Enigmaticall*: howsoever forget not the *Green Mantle*. This is that substance, which *Gieberim Eben-Haen*, or as the *Rable* writes him, *Geber*, calls *Lapis in Capitulis rotus*: a very subtil Expression, but if well examin'd, it is the Key to his whole *Booke*, and to the *writings* of the old *Philosophers* in *Generall*. But let us returne to our *River of Pearl*, and for our further information let us heare it describ'd by a most excellent *Adepus*, and that in the very *ἑσπέρῳ* before the full noon appears. *Hoc opus est* (saith he) *quod mihi aliquando ob oculos posuit unicus Execchedistes, magnas quippe fornaces, atque vitro easdem Tarico redimitas ostendens. Vasa erant singula, in suis sedilibus habentia sedimenta, atque inter ius dispari dicatum, sacrumque Munus. Quid vero Rem tam Divinam celestius? Erat intus circumacta Moles quaedam, Mundi praeseferens maginem ipsissimi. Quippe ubi Terra videbatur in medio omnium consistens*

sistens, aquisque circumfusa Limpidissimis,
 varios colles, salebrosasque rupes assurgens
 fructum ferens multiplicem, tanquam humeris
 Aeris imbribus irrigua. Vini etiam
 debatur & olei, & lactis, atque pretiosorum
 omne genus lapidum, & Metallorum esse
 primæ ferax. Tum Aqua ipsa instar Aëquor
 sale quodam pellucido, albo interdum, inter-
 dum quoque rubeo & fulvo, & rubro, ma-
 tisque præterea variegato coloribus inlita, i-
 que superficiem ipsam aestuabant. Igne autem
 hæc omnia suo, sed impercepto quidem, atque
 æthereo movebantur. Id vero unum præ cæteris
 incredibilem me rapiebat in admiratione.
 Rem hæc tam multa unicam, tam diversam
 tamque in suo genere integra singula, par-
 etiam imbecillique adminiculo pro ducere: quæ
 factæ paulatim robustiore, redirent tandem
 atque coalescerent in unum omnia, confidenter
 asseverabat. Hic equidem observavi fusi
 illam salis speciem nihil ab Aphrolitho deg-
 nerantem, atque argentum illud vivum, cui
 Mercurii nomen ab hujusce Disciplinæ præ-
 cis authoribus inditum est, illam ipsam re-
 zens Lullianam Lunariam, adversa scandens
 aqua, nocturne relucens, atque interdum glori-
 tinandi præditum facultate. Here wee ha-
 pourtray'd unto us the whole Philosophic
 Laboratorie, Furnace, fire, and Matte

with the *Mysterious Germinations* thereof. But because the *Termes* are *difficult*, and not to bee understood by any, but such as have seen the *thing it self*, I will for the Readers Benefit, I cannot say *satisfaction*, put them into *English*. This is the *worke* (saith hee) which I have sometimes seen with a singular, and a most deare friend: who shewed to me certaine large *Furnaces*, and those crown'd with *Cornues* of *Glasse*. The *Vessels* were severall, having besides their *Triptods* their *Sediments*, or *Caskets*, and within them was a *Holy Oblation*, or *present* dedicated to the *Ternarie*. But why should I any longer conceale so divine a thing? within this *Fabric* was a certaine *Masse* moving *Circularly*, or driven round about, and representing the *very Figure* of the *great world*. For here the *Earth* was to be seen standing of it self in the *middlest* of all, compassed about with most *clear waters*, rising up to severall *Hillocks*, and *raggie Rocks*, and bearing many *sorts* of *Fruit*, as if it had been watr'd with showers from the moyst Aire. It seem'd also to be very fruitfull for *wine*, *oile*, and *milk*, with all kind of *precious stones*, and *Metals*. The *waters* themselves like those of the *Sea*, were full of a certaine *transparent Salt*, now *white*, now *Red*, then *Yellow* and *purpl'd*, and as it

were *chamletted* with various Colours, which did swell up to the face of the waters. All the things were *actuaded* or *stirr'd* with the own *appropriat fire*, but in very truth *imperceptible*, and *ethereall*. But one thing about the rest forc'd me to an incredible admiration. Namely, that so many things, such *diversities* and in their kind such *perfect particula* should proceed from *one only thing*, and that with very *small assistance*, which being *further'd* and *strengthened* by degrees, the *Artist* faithfully affirmed to me that *all the Diversities* would settle at last to *one Body*. Here I observed that *fusil* kind of *Salt* to be nothing different from a *pumice-stone*, and that *Quick-silver* which the ancient Author of this Art call'd *Mercury*, to be the same with *Lullies Lœnaria*, whose water gets up against the fire of Nature, and *shines by night* but by day hath a *glutinous, viscous facult*. This is the *sense* of our learned *Adeptus*, and for his *Analogie* of the *Philosophic Salt*, and a *pumice-stone*, it cannot be well conceiv'd without the *Light of Experience*. It is the *a porous, hollow, froth-like, spongiuous Salt*. The *Consistency* of it is *pumice-like*, but neither *hard*, nor *opacous*. It is a *thin, slippery, oily substance* in appearance like *Moutglew*, but much more *clear*. Sometimes

oks like *Rosials* and *Rubies*: Sometimes it
violet Blew, sometimes *white as Lilies*, and
 aine more *green than Grasse*, but with a
maragdine transparencie: and sometimes it
 oks like burnisht *Gold* and *Silver*. The *Ri-*
er of Pearle hath her *Name* from it, for there
stands like the *Sperm of Frogs* in *common wa-*
rs. Sometimes it will move, and swim to the
ce of his Bath in *thin leaves* like *wafers*,
 t with a thousand miraculous *Colours*. This
 enough and too much, for I hold it not my
 ty to insist upon *secrets*, which are so far
 om the *Readers Inquiry*, that I dare say they
 e beyond his *Expectation*.

The *Aether*, or the *Aire*
 of *Paradise*.

Hitherto I have discours'd of the *first*
Matter, and the *fire of Nature*:
 Termes indeed commonly known,
 t the *things signified* are seldome *under-*
od. I shall now descend to more abstruse
 rticular *principles*, Things of that *secrecie*
 d *subtiltie*, they are not so much as *thought*
 much lesse *inquir'd after*. The *common*
imist dreams of Gold and *Transmutations*,
 ost noble and *Heavenly Effects*, but the
 eans whereby hee would *compassse* them,

are worme-eaten, dustie, mustie papers. His Study and his Noddle are stuff'd with old Receipts, he can tell us a hundred Stories of Brimstone and Quick-silver, with many miraculous Legends of Arsenic and Antimonie, Sal gemma, Sal pruna, Sal Petra, and other stupendious Alkalies, as he loves to call them; with such strange Notions and Charms doth he amaze, and silence his Auditors, as Bats are kill'd with Thunder at the Eare. Indeed if this Noyse will carry it, let him alone he can want no Artillery. But if you bring him to the field, and force him to his Polemics, if you demand his Reason, and reject his Recipe, you have laid him as flat as a Flounder. A rationall, methodicall Dispute will undoe him, for he studies not the whole Body of Philosophie: a Receipt he would find in an old Box, or an old Book, as if the knowledge of God and Nature were a thing of Chance, not of Reason. This idle Humor hath not only surpris'd the common illiterat Broyler, where in truth there is some Necessity for it, but even great Doctors and Physicians: Bate me the Impostume of their Titles, and their Learning is not Considerable. Hence it comes to passe that so many men are undone in the prosecution of this Art: They are so wedded to old scriblings, they will not submit them

A new *Magicall Light*, &c. 75

them to their *judgement*, but presently bring them to the *fire*. Certainly they believe such ridiculous *Impossibilities*, that even *brute Beasts* if they could *speake*, would *reprove* them. Sometimes they *mistake* their owne *Excrements* for that *Matter* out of which *Heaven* and *Earth* were made. Hence they *brudge*, and *labour* in *Urine*, and such filthy dirty *stuffe* which is not *fit* to be *nam'd*. But when all comes to all, and their *Custard* fails them; they quit their *filthinesse*, but not their *error*. They think of something thats more *tractable*, and *dreame* perhaps that *God* made the world of *Egge-shels* or *Flint-stones*. Truly these *Opinions* proceed not only from *simple people*, but from *Doctors* forsooth, and *Philosophers*. It is therefore my *Designe* to discover some *Excellencies* of this *Art*, and make it appeare to the *Student* that what is *glorious*, is withall *Difficult*. This I suppose may remove that *Blind*, *sluggish Credulity*, which prevents all *Ingenious Disquisitions*, and cause men perhaps to exercise that *Keanen*, which *God* hath given them for *Discoveries*. I shall not dwell long on any one *particular*, I am drawing off the *stage* in all *Taste*, and returning to my first *solitudes*. My *Discourse* shall be very *short*, and like the *cho's* last *Syllables* *Imperfect*. I intend it

G 2

only

only for *Hint* and *suggestion* to the *Reader*: it is no *full Light* but a *Glance*, and he must improve it to his better *satisfaction*.

We are now to speake of the *Aether* of the *little world*, which is the very same in *Nature* and *substance* with the *outward Aether* of the *great world*. That you may the better understand *what it is*, we will examine the *Notion*, before we *state the thing*. *Aristotle* in his *Book de Mundo* derives this word *ἄνω ἢ ἄνω* *ἰστέον*, à *semper currendo*, because the *Heavens* are in *perpetuall Motion*. This is a generall irregular *whymzie*, for the *stars* also aswell as the *Aether* move perpetually: The *Sea* is subject to a *continuall Flux* and *Reflux*, and the *Bloud* of all *Animals* to a *restlesse unwearied Pulse*. The more ancient *Philosophers* whose *Books* this *Enemy* burnt, derived it from *ἄνω ἰστέον* *ardeo*: but especially *Anaxagoras*, who was better acquainted with *Heaven* than *Aristotle*, as it appears by his *miraculous prediction*, and the *opinion* he had of that *place*, namely that it was his *Country*, and that he was to *return thither* after *death*. Indeed this last *Etymologie* comes neer the *nature* of the *thing*, for it is a *Heating cheerishing spirit*, but in its *genuine Complexion* it *burns not*. I cannot then approve of this *latter Derivation* no more than of the *former*.

I rather believe that *Aether* is a *Compound* of *air* and *Fire*, this substance being called *Aether* from its effect and office, *αἰὲρ τὸ αἰὲρ θέρει*, *à semper Calefaciendo*. Supposing this to be the true *Interpretation*, let us now see whether it relates more strictly and properly to this principle, than to any other Nature whatsoever. The *Aether* is a most thin liquid substance, and the Region of it is above the stars, in the Circumference of the *Divine Light*. This is the true, and famous *Ἐμπυραίων*, which receives the *Influent Heat* of God, and conveys it to the visible Heaven, and all the *Inferior Creatures*. It is a pure *Essence*, a thing not tainted with any *Materiall Contagion*, in which sense it is styl'd of *Pythagoras* *ἄκλιος ἄεθρ*, the free *Aether*. *Quoniam* (saith *Reuclin*) *à materia potentiâ segregatus, & preservatus in Libertate, calefcit Dei Ardore, ac insensibili motu Inferiora calefacit*. Because it is freed from the prison of the Matter, and being preserv'd in its liberty, it is warme with the fire of God, and by an insensible motion heats all the *Inferior Natures*. In a word, because of its puritie it is placed next to that *Divine Fire*, which the Jews call *Lumen Vestimenti*, and it is the very first *Receptacle* of the *Influences* and *Derivations* of the *Supernaturall World*, which

sufficiently confirms our Etymologie. In the
 Beginning it was generated by Reflexion of
 the first unity upon the Celestial Cube, for the
 Bright Emanations of God did flow like a
 streame into the Passive $\pi\alpha\sigma\iota\upsilon\alpha$ and in this A-
 nalogie the Samian styles $\text{H}\mu\mu\ \pi\alpha\sigma\iota\upsilon\alpha\ \alpha\epsilon\theta\epsilon\rho\alpha\ \sigma\upsilon\text{-}$
 $\sigma\iota\upsilon\alpha$, *Fontem perpetua Nature*. You shall un-
 derstand that the Ether is not one, but ma-
 nifold, and the Reasons of it wee shall give
 you hereafter. By this I mind not a variety
 of Substances, but a Chaine of Complexions.
 There are other Moystures, and those too
 ethereall: They are Females also of the
 Masculine Divine Fire, and these are the
 Fountains of the Chaldee, which the Oracle
 styles $\pi\eta\gamma\iota\alpha\varsigma\ \alpha\iota\theta\epsilon\rho\tau\eta\tau\alpha\varsigma$, *Summitates Fontanas*,
 the Invisible upper springs of Nature. Of all
 substances that come to our hands, this
 Ether is the first that brings us News of a-
 nother World, and tels us we live in a cor-
 rupt place. Sendivogius call'd it the Urine of
 Saturn, and with this did he water his Lunar
 and Solar Plants. *Ex Marimeo* (said the
 Jew) *oriuntur Nebula, quae ferunt Aquas*
Benedictas, & ipsa irrigant Terras, & edu-
cunt Herbas & Flores. In a word this Moy-
 sture is animated with a Vegetable blessed di-
 vine Fire, which made one describe the
 Mystery thus. *Ex Naturâ, & ex Divino*
facturus

actum est: Divinum enim est, quia cum Divinitate conjunctum Divinas substantias facit. To conclude, the *Aether* is to be found in the lower spring or *ꝑꝛꝑꝛ*, namely in that substance, which the *Arabians* call *Flos salis albi*, the *Flower of white Salt*. It is indeed borne of *Salt*, for *Salt* is the *Root* of it, and it is found withall in *locis salsofis*, in certaine *Saltish places*. The best *Discovery* of it is this: The *Philosophers* call it their *Mi-neral Tree*, for it grows as all *Vegetables* doe, and hath *Leaves* and *Fruits* in the very *Hour* of its *Nativity*. This is enough, and now I passe to another *principle*.

The Heavenly Luna.

THis *Luna* is the *Moon* of the *Mine*, a very strange *stupifying substance*. It is not *simple*, but *mixt*. The *Aether*, and a *subtill white Earth* are *Components*, and this makes it *grosser* than the *Aether* it *self*. It appears in the *forme* of an exceeding *white oile*, but is in very much a certaine *vegetant, flowing, smooth, soft*, &c.

The star-soule. *RME*

This is the true *Astrum Solis*, the *Mineral spiritual Sun*. It is compounded of the *Aether*, and a *Blondie, fierie, spirited Earth*. It appears in a *gummie Consistency*, but with a *fierce, hot, glowing Complexion*. It is *Substantially* a certaine *purple, animated, Divine Salt, &c.*

Prester a deadly serpent - S.M.
The Prester of Zoroaster.

IT is a *Miracle* to consider, how the *Earth*, which is a *Body of inexpressible weight and Heavinessse*, can be supported in the *Ayr*, a *fleeing yeelding substance*, and thorough which even *roth* and *Feathers* will *sink*, and *make their way*. I hope there is no man so *mad* as to think it is *poys'd* there by some *Geometricall Knack*, for that were *Artificiall*, but the *work of God* is *Vital*, and *Natural*. Certainly if the *Animation* of the *world* be *denied*, there must needs follow a *precipitation* of this *Element* by its own *Corpulency* and *Gravity*. We see that our *own Bodies* are supported by that *Essence*, by which they are *actuated* and *animated*, but when that

when that *Essence* leaves them, they fall to the ground, till the *spirit* returns at the *Resurrection*. I conclude then that the *Earth* hath in her a *Fire-soule*, a most powerfull strong *spirit*, that bears her up, as the *spirit* of *Man* bears up *man*. To this agrees *Raymund Lullie* in the seventy sixth Chapter of his *Theoric*. *Tota Terra plena est Intelligentia ad operationem Natura inclinata, quae Intelligentia movetur à natura superiore: ita quod natura Intellectiva inferior assimilat naturae Superiori.* The whole *Earth* (saith he) is full of *Intelligence*, inclined to the *Discipline* or *Operation* of *Nature*, which *Intelligence* is moved by the *Superior Nature*: so that the *Inferior Intelligence* is like to the *Superior*. This *spirit* or *Intelligence* is the *spirit*, a *Notion* of the admirable *Zoroaster*, as I find him render'd by *Julian the Chaldean*. It comes from *שפן* *uro*, and signifies *Lightning*, or a certaine *burning Turbo*, or *whirl-wind*, but in the *sense* of our *Chaldee* it is the *Fire-spirit* of *Life*. It is an *Influence* of the *Almighty God*, and it comes from *Terra Viventium*, namely the *second person*, whom the *Cabalists* style the *Supernaturall East*. For as the *Natural Light* of the *Sun* is first manifested to us in the *East*, so the *Supernatural Light* was first manifested in *Turbo* = a whirling or turning round the

the *second person*, for he is *Principium Alterationis*, the *Beginning of the wayes of God* or the *first Manifestation of his Father's Light* in the *Supernatural Generation*. From this *Terra Viventium*, or *Land of the Living* comes all *Life or spirit*, according to that *position of the Mekubalim* :

*Omnia anima bona est anima nova,
veniens ab Oriente.*

Every good soule is a new soule, coming from the *East* : that is from **הכמה** *Cocmah*, or the *second Sephiroth*, which is the *Son of God*.

Now for the better understanding of this *Descent of the soule*, we must refer our selves to another *placet of the Cabalists*, and this is it.

Anima à Tertio Lumine ad Quartam Diem, inde ad Quintam descendunt : inde exeuntes, Corporis Noctem subintrant.

The *souls* (say they) descend from the *Third Light* to the *fourth Day*, thence to the *fifth*, whence they *pass out*, and enter the *Night of the Body*. To understand this *Maxime*, you must know there are *three supreme Lights* or *Sephiroths*, which the *Cabalist* calls, *Sedes*

in quâ sedet Sanctus, Sanctus Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. This third Light from whence the souls descend, is **הגה** Binah, the 3^d of the three sephiroths, and it signifies the Holy Ghost. Now that you may know in what sense this Descent proceeds from that blessed spirit, I will somewhat enlarge my Discourse, for the Cabalists are very obscure in the point. Spirare (say the Jews) Spiritus Sancti proprium est, to Breathe is the propriety of the Holy Ghost. Now we read that God breathed into Adam the Breath of Life, and he became a living soule. Here you must understand that the third Person is the last of the three, not that there is any Inequality in them, but it is so in order of Operation, for he applies first to the Creature, and therefore works last. The meaning of it is this: The Holy Ghost could not breath a soule into Adam, but he must either receive it, or have it of himself. Now the truth is he receives it, and what hee receives, that hee breaths into Nature. Hence this most holy spirit is styl'd by the Cabalists *Fluvius egrediens è Paradiso*, because he breaths as a River streames. He is call'd also *Mater Filiorum*, because in this Breathing he is as it were delivered of those souls, which have been conceived already in the second Person. Now that the
Gen.
Holy

Holy Ghost receives all things from the second Person, is confirmed by Christ himself.

h16.13 *When the spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth, for he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall heare, that shall he speak, and he will shew you things to come. He shall glorifie me, for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you. All things that the Father hath, are mine; Therefore said I, that he shall take of mine.* Here we plainly see, there is a certaine subsequent order or Method in the operations of the blessed Trinity, for Christ tells us, that he receives from his Father, and the Holy Ghost receives from Him. Againc, that all things are conceived Ideally (or as we commonly expresse it) created by the second person, is confirmed by the word of God. *The World was made by him (saith the Scripture) and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not.* This may suffice for such as Love the Truth, and as for that which the Cabalist speaks of the fourth and fifth Dayes, it suits not with my present designe, and therefore I must wave it. It is clear then that *Terra viventium*, or the Eternall Fire-Earth buds and sprouts, hath her fierie spirituall Flowers, which we call soules, as this natural Earth hath her natural Vegetables. In this
mysterious

terious sense is the *Prester* defin'd in the
 ucles $\lambda\epsilon\pi\tau\acute{\epsilon}\ \pi\upsilon\rho\acute{\iota}\varsigma\ \alpha\iota\theta\epsilon\rho\acute{\alpha}$, the *Flower of thin*
 e. But that we may come at last to the
 ing intended, I think it not amisse to instruct
 by this *Manuduction*. You know that
 Artificer can build, but the *Earth* must
 the *Foundation* to his *Building*, for with-
 this *Ground-work* his *Brick* and *Mor-*
 cannot stand. In the *Creation* when God
 build, there was no such place to build
 n. I aske then where did he rest his *Mat-*
 and upon what? Certainly he built, and
 ended *Nature* upon his own *Supernaturall*
Water. He is in her, and thorough her, and
 h his eternall *spirit* doth he support *Hea-*
 and *Earth*, as our *bodies* are supported
 h our *spirits*. This is confirmed by that
 cle of the *Apostle*, *Omnia portat verbo*
tutis sua, He bears up all things with the
 d of his power; from this power is he just-
 ly styl'd $\alpha\pi\epsilon\rho\epsilon\delta\upsilon\tau\alpha\mu\omicron\varsigma$, $\kappa\alpha\iota\ \pi\alpha\upsilon\tau\epsilon\delta\upsilon\tau\alpha\mu\omicron\varsigma\ \delta\upsilon\upsilon\alpha\mu\omicron\pi\omicron\iota\epsilon\iota\varsigma$
 : The infinitely powerfull, and the All-
 everfull power-making power. I say then that
 Fire and *spirit* are the *Pillars* of *Nature*;
 the props on which her whole *Fabric* rests,
 and without which it could not stand one
 minute. This *Fire* or *Prester* is the *Throne*
 of the *Quintessentiall Light*, from whence he
 creates himself to *Generation*, as we see in
 the

Richard

the effusion of the Sun-beams in the great world. In this Dilatation of the Light consists the joy or pleasure of the passive spirit, and its Contraction his Melancholie or sorrow. We see in the great Body of Nature, that Turbulent weather when the Sun is shut up and clouded, the Aire is thick and dull, and our own spirits by secret Compassion with the spirit of the Aire are dull too. On the contrary in clear strong Sun-shines the Aire is Quick and Thin, and the spirits of all Animals are of the same rarified, active Temper. It is plaine then that our joyes and sorrows proceed from the Dilatation and Contraction of our inward Quintessentiall Light. This is apparent in despayring Lovers, who are subject to a certain violent, extraordinary panting of the Heart, a timorous trembling pulse which proceeds from the Apprehension and Feare of the spirit in relation to his Miscarriage. Notwithstanding he desires to be dilated, as it appears by his pulse or Sallie wherein he doth discharge himself; but his Despaire checks him againe, and brings him to a suddain Retreat, or Contraction. Hence it comes to passe that we are subject to sighs which are occasion'd by the suddain pause of the spirit: for when hee stops, the Breath stops, but when he looseth himself to an out

rd Motion, we deliver two or three Breaths
 It have been formerly omitted, in one long
 Expiration, and this we call a sigh. This
 tion hath carried many brave men to very
 Extremities. It is originally occasion'd
 the spirit of the Mistress, or affected
 ty: for her spirit ferments or leavens the
 rit of the Lover, so that it desires an union
 far as Nature will permit. This makes us
 ent even smiles and frowns, like Fortunes
 Misfortunes; Our Thoughts are never
 Home, according to that well-grounded
 observation, *Anima est ubi amat, non ubi*
amat: the soule dwels not where she lives,
 where she loves. We are imploy'd in a
 perpetuall Contemplation of the absent Beau-
 Our very Joies and Woes are in her power:
 can set us to what Humor she will, as
 Cyprian was alter'd by the Music of his
 Mistress.

When to her Lute Corinna sings,
 Her Voice invives the Leaden strings:
 But when of sorrows she doth speak,
 Even with her sighes the strings doe break.
 And as her Lute doth Live or Die,
 Lea'd by her Passions: So doe I.

This, and many more miraculous sympa-
 s proceed from the Attractive nature
 of

of the *Prester*: it is a *spirit* that can do wonders, and now let us see if there bee any possibility to come at him. Suppose then we should dilapidat or discompose some Artificial Building, stone by stone: There is no question but we should come at last to the Earth whereupon it is founded. It is just so in *Magic*: if we open any Natural Body, and separat all the parts thereof one from another, we shall come at last to the *Prester*, which is the *Candle*, and secret Light of God. We shall know the hidden Intelligence, and see that inexpressible Face, which gives the outward Figure to the Body. This is the *Syllogism* we should look after, for he that hath once past the *Aquaster*, enters the *Fire-world* and sees what is both *Invisible* and *Incredible* to the common Man. He shall discover to the Eye the miraculous Conspiracy that is between the *Prester* and the *Sun*. Hee shall know the secret Love of Heaven and Earth, and the sense of that deep Cabalism, *Non est planta hic inferius, cui non est stella in Firmamento superius, & ferit eam stella, & dicit ei Cresce*. There is not an Herb here below, but he hath a star in Heaven above, and the star strikes him with her Beame, and sayes to him, *Grow*. He shall know, how the *Fire-spirit* hath his Root in the Spirituall Fire of Earth.

Prester as dead by spirit

Earth, and receives from it a secret *Influx* upon which he feeds, as *Herbs* feed on that *juice* and *Liquor*, which they receive at their *Roots* from this *Common Earth*. This is it, which our *Saviour* tells us, *Man lives not by bread alone, but by every word that comes out of the Mouth of God*. He meant not by *Inke* and *Papyr*, or the *dead Letter*: it is a *Mystery*, and *St. Paul* hath partly expounded it. He tells the *Athenians*, that *God made Man*, to the end, That he should seek the *Lord*, if happily he might feel after him and find him. There is a strange Expression, you will say, that a *Man* should feel after *God*, or seek Him with his *Hands*. But he goes on, and tells you where you shall find him. He is not far (saith he) from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our Being. For a better understanding of this place, I wish you to read *Paracelsus* his *Philosophia ad Athenienses*, a glorious *Incomparable Discourse*, but you will shortly find it in *English*. Again: He that enters the *Center*, shall know why all *Influx* of *fire* descends against the *Nature* of *fire*, and comes from *Heaven downwards*: Hee shall know also why the same *fire* having found a *Body*, ascends againe towards *Heaven*, and goes upwards.

To conclude: I say the grand Supreme *Mysterie of Magic*, is to *multiplie the Prester*, and place him in the *moyst serene Ether*, which God hath purposely created to *qualifie the fire*. For I would have thee know, that this *spirit* may be so *chas'd*, and that in the most *temperat Bodies*, as to *undoe thee upon a suddain*. This thou mayst guesse thy selfe by the $\alpha\upsilon\tau\omicron\iota\pi\alpha\upsilon\tau\omicron\iota\varsigma$, or *thundering Gold*, as the *Chymist* calls it. Place him then as God hath plac'd the *stars*, in the *condens'd Ether* of his *Chaos*, for there he will *shine, not burne*, he will be *vital* and *Calm*, not *furious* and *Choleric*. This *secret* I confesse, *transcends the Common processe*, and I dare tell thee *no more* of it. It must remaine then as a *Light in a Dark place*, but how it may be *discovered*, doe thou *Consider*.

The Green salt.

IT is a *Tincture* of the *Saphiric Mine*, and to define it substantially, it is the *Aire* of our little *Invisible Fire-world*. It produceth two noble *effects*, *youth*, and *Hope*; wheresoever it appears, it is an *infallible sign* of *life*, as you see in the *spring-time*, when all *things* are *Green*. The *sight* of it

is cheerfull, and refreshing beyond all imagination. It comes out of the *Heavenly Earth*, for the *Saphir* doth spermatize & injects her Tinctures into the *Aether*, where they are carried, and manifested to the *Eye*. This *Saphir* is equall of her self to the whole *Compound*, for she is threefold or hath in her three severall essences. I have seen them all, not in *Ayrie* imaginative suppositions but really with my bodily eyes. And here we have *Apollodorous* his *Mathematical Problem* resolved: namely that *Pythagoras* should sacrifice a hundred *Oxen*, when hee found out, $\delta\tau\epsilon\ \epsilon\pi\iota\lambda\epsilon\iota\tau\epsilon\ \epsilon\pi\delta\omicron\zeta\alpha\upsilon\tau\iota\upsilon\sigma\iota\ \eta\ \epsilon\pi\theta\eta\nu\ \gamma\omega\mu\iota\alpha\sigma\ \epsilon\iota\sigma\omicron\tau\iota\lambda\epsilon\gamma\epsilon\ \iota\sigma\omicron\tau\ \delta\upsilon\iota\alpha\tau\omicron\iota\ \tau\alpha\iota\varsigma\ \alpha\sigma\pi\epsilon\chi\omicron\upsilon\sigma\alpha\iota\varsigma$. That the *Subtendent* of a right angl'd *Triangle* was equivalent to those parts which contain'd it, &c.

The *Diapasm*, or *Magical Perfume*.

IT is compounded of the *Saphiric Earth* and the *Aether*. If it be brought to its full *Exaltation*, it will shine like the *Day-star* in her fresh *Easterne Glories*. It hath a fascinating *attractive facultie*, for if you expose it to the open *Ayre*, it will draw to it *Birds* and *Beasts*, &c.

The Regeneration, Ascent, and
Glorification.

Regeneration of the Works

I Have now sufficiently, and fully discovered the principles of our Chaos, In the next place I will shew you how you are to use them. You must unite them to a new life, and they will be regenerated by Water and the Spirit. These two are in all things, they are placed there by God himself, according to that speech of Trismegistus, *Vnumquodque habet in se semen suae Regenerationis*. Proceed then patiently, but not manually. The work is performed by an invisible Artist, for there is a secret Incubation of the Spirit of God upon Nature: you must only see that the outward Heat failes not, but with the subject it self you have no more to doe, than the Mother hath with the Child that is in her womb. The two former principles performe all, the Spirit makes use of the Water to purge and wash his Body, and hee will bring it at last to a Celestiall, immortall Constitution. Doe not you think this *Impossible*. Remember that in the *Incarnation* of Christ Jesus the *Quaternarius* or four Elements as men call them, were united to their eternall *Unitie* and *Ternarius*

narius. Three and Four make Seven: This Septenarie is the true Sabbath, the Rest of God into which the Creature shall enter. This is the best and greatest Manuduction that I can give you. In a word, Salvation it self is nothing else but transmutation. Behold (saith the Apostle) I shew you a MYSTERIE: we shall not all die, but we shall be all CHANGED, in a Moment, in the twinkling of an Eye, at the sound of the last Trumpt. God of his great Mercy prepare us for it, That from hard stubborn Flints of this world, we may prove Chrysoliths and Jaspers in the new eternall foundation. That we may ascend from this present distressed Church which is in Captivity with her Children, to the free Jerusalem from above, which is the Mother of us all.

The *Descent*, and
Metempsychosis.

THere is in the world a scribbling, ill-disposed *Generation*: they write only to gaine an *Opinion* of *Knowledge*, and this by *amazing* their *Readers* with *whimzies* and *Fansies* of their own. These commonly call themselves *Ch-*

mists, and abuse the great *Mysterie* of Nature with the *Name* and *Non-sense* of *Lapis Chemicus*. I find not one of them, but hath mistaken this *Descent* for the *Ascent* or *Fermentation*. I think it *Necessary* therefore to informe the Reader there is a *two fold Fermentation*, a spirituall and a Bodily one. The *spirituall Fermentation* is performed by multiplying the Tinctures, which is not done with common Gold and Silver, for they are not Tinctures, but grose compacted Bodies. The *Gold and Silver* of the *Philosophers* are a *soule and spirit*: they are living Ferments and principles of Bodies, but the two common Metals whether you take them in their grose Composition, or after a *Philosophicall preparation*, are no way *pertinent* to our *purpose*. The *Bodily Fermentation*, is that which I properly call the *Descent*, and now we will speak of it. When thou hast made the *stone*, or *Magicall Medicine*, it is a liquid fire, spirituall substance, shining like the Sun. In this *Complexion* if you would *project*, you could hardly find the *just proportion*, the *verue* of the *Medicine* is so *intensive* and *powerfull*. The *Philosophers* therefore took one part of their *stone*, and did cast it upon ten parts of pure melten gold. This single small graine did

did bring all ~~the~~ the gold^{to} a blondie powder, and on the contrary the grosse Body of the gold did abate the spirituall strength of the projected graine. This Descent or Incorporation some wise Authors have call'd a Bodily Fermentation, but the Philosophers did not use common Gold to make their stone as some scriblers have written, they us'd it only to qualifie the intensive power of it, when it is made, that they might the more easily find what Quantitie of base Metall, they should project upon. By this means they reduc'd their Medicine to a dust, and this dust is the Arabian-Elixir. This Elixir the Philosophers could carry about them, but the Medicine it self not so, for it is such a subtill moist Fire, there is nothing but glasse that will hold it. Now for their Metempsychosis, it hath indeed occasion'd many Errors concerning the soule. but Pythagoras applied it only to the secret performances of Magic. It signifies their last Transmutation, which is done with the Elixir, or Qualified Medicine. Take therefore one part of it. cast it on a Millenarie proportion of Quick-silver, and it will be all pure gold, that shall passe the Test Royall without any Diminution.

Now Reader I have done, and for a fire-well

well I will give thee a most noble, secret, sacred truth. The Chaos it self in the very first Analysis is threefold, the Saphir of the Chaos is likewise threefold. Here thou hast six parts, which is the Pythagoricall Senarius or Numerus Conjugii. In these six the Influx of the Metaphysicall Vnitie is sole Monarch, and makes up the seventh Number, or Sabaoth, in which at last by the Assistance of God the Body shall rest. Againe, every one of these six parts is two fold, and these Duplicities are Contrarieties. Here then thou hast twelve, six against six in a desperat Division, and the Vnitie of peace amongst them. These Duplicities consist of contrary Natures; One part is good, one bad: one corrupt, one incorrupt: and in the Termes of Zoroaster, one rationall, one irrational. These bad, corrupt, irrational seeds are the Tares and sequels of the Curse. Now Reader I have unriddl'd for thee the grand mysterious problem of the Cabalist. *Septem partibus* (saith hee) *insunt Duo Ternaria, & in Medio stat unum. Duodecim stant in Bello: Tres Amici, Tres inimici: Tres Viri vivificant, Tres etiam occidunt: & Deus Rex fidelis ex sua Sanctitatis Atrio dominatur Omnibus. Unus super Tres, & Tres super Septem, & Septem super Duodecim,*

*Duodecim, & sunt omnes stipati, Alius cum
Alio.*

This and no other is the *truth* of that
science, which I have prosecuted a long time
with *frequent* and *serious* *indeavours*. It is
my firme decreed *Resolution* to *write* no more
of it, and if any will *abuse* what is written,
let him. He cannot so *injure* me, but I am
already *satisfied*: I have to my *Reward* a
Light that will not *leave* me.

Nescit SOL Comitibus non memor esse Sui.

I will now *cloze* up all with the *Doxologie*
of a most excellent, renowned *Philocryphus*.

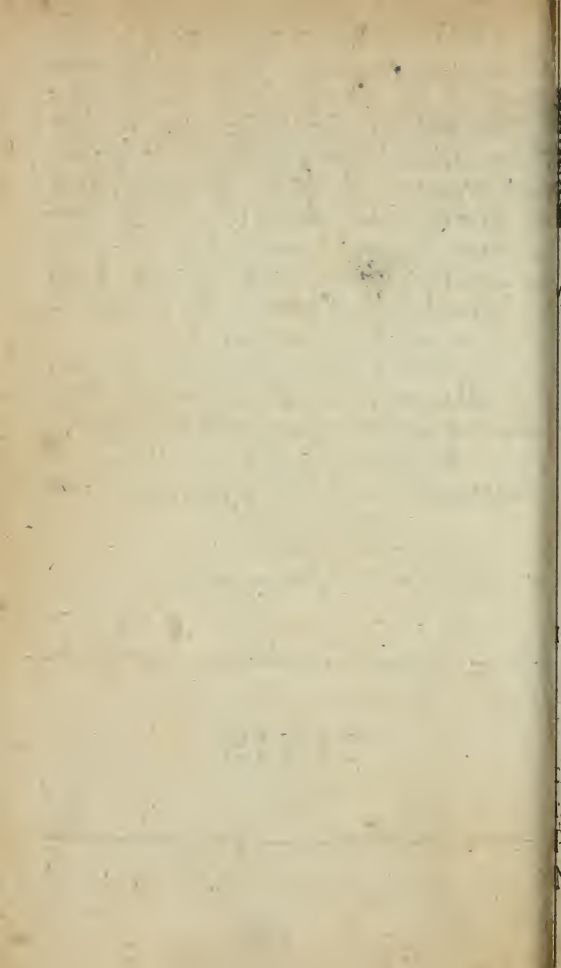
Soli Deo Laus, & Potentia!

*Amen in M E R C U R I O, qui pedibus licet
carens decurrit*

AQUA,

et metallicè universaliter operatur.

FINIS.





A P H O R I S M I
M A G I C I
E U G E N I A N I.

*Veritas Prima est Hæc :
Hæc etiam Ultima.*

ANte Omnia Punctum ex-
titit : non τὸ ἄτομον, aut Ma-
thematicum, sed Diffusi-
vum. Monas erat Expli-
cite : Implicite Myrias. Lux erat, e-
rat & Nox : Principium, & Finis
Principii : Omnia, & Nihil : Est, &
Non.

2. Commovit se Monas in Dyade & per Triadem egressæ sunt Facie Luminis secundi.

3. Exivit Ignis simplex, increatus & sub Aquis induit se Tegumento Ignis multiplicis, Creati.

4. Respexit ad Fontem superiorem & Inferiorem deducto Typo, Triplici vultu sigillavit.

5. Creavit unum unitas: & in Triade distinxit Trinitas. Est & Quaternarius, Nexus & Medium Reductionis.

6. Ex visibilibus primùm effulsit Aqua: Fæmina Incubantis Ignis, & Figurabilium gravida Mater.

7. Porosa erat Interius, & Corticibus varia: Cujus venter habuit Cœlos convolutos, & Astra indiscreta.

8. Separator Artifex divisit hanc in amplas Regiones: & apparente Fætu, disparuit Mater.

9. Peperit tamen Mater Filios Lucidos,

os, Influentes in Terram Chai.

10. Hi generant Matrem in Novissimis : Cujus Fons cantat in Luco miculoso.

11. Sapientiæ Condus est Hic : esto si potes, Promus.

12. Pater est Totius Creati : & ex illo Creato per vivam Filii Analyti, Pater generatur. Habes summum generantis Circuli Mysterium : Filii filius est, qui Filii Pater fuit.

Soli Deo Gloria.

The first part of the paper
 discusses the general principles
 of the proposed system
 and the various methods
 of implementation.
 It is shown that the
 system is capable of
 handling a wide range
 of cases and that it
 is well adapted to
 the needs of the
 service.

The second part of the paper
 describes the details of the
 system and the various
 methods of implementation.
 It is shown that the
 system is capable of
 handling a wide range
 of cases and that it
 is well adapted to
 the needs of the
 service.

The third part of the paper
 discusses the results of the
 experiments and the various
 methods of implementation.
 It is shown that the
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 service.

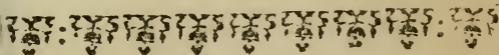


The Errata's in the First part.

Page 24. Line 14. for *Glase* read *G'lass*. p. 45. l. 6. r.
PN *ibid* l. 21. r. *γαῖδα*. *bid*. l. ult. r. *πινυματα*. p. 71
l. 11. r. *Tripods*. p. 89. l. ult. for *gows* r. *groves*. p. 91.
l. 14. r. *δοῦρα* p. 95. l. 1. r. *All the Gold to a Bloody
powder*. In the Title page r. *De Deo absque Lumine*.

The Errata's in the second part.

Page 22. Line 2. for *blame* read *blames*. p. 23. l. 22.
for *opace* r. *opake*. p. 24 l. 17. r. *as they speak perhaps*,
&c. p. 28. l. 1. r. *The flux of it*, &c. p. 31. l. 20. for
from r. *for*. p. 32. l. 1. fo *the* r. *thus*. p. 47. l. 1. r. *die it*
once more, &c. p. 77. l. 14. r. *Superlativc*. p. 76. l. 6.
for *or* r. *for*.



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Handwritten text in the lower middle section of the page, continuing the list or entries.

Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or a concluding note.

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